MINI-SERIES

"BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG"

START TUESDAY

Winner of the Pulitzer Prize
for fiction

Michael Shaara's

THE KILLER ANGELS

teleplay by

Ronald F. Maxwell

Mini-Series Shooting Script
June 1, 1992

THE KILLER ANGELS

PART I

1 EXT. A FORESTED RIDGE - DUSK 1

A MAN on a black horse, with a wide black hat, rides slowly up a mountain trail.

SUPER TITLE:

TUESDAY, JUNE 30, 1863

NEXT TITLE:

THE THIRD SUMMER OF THE WAR.

The man is HARRISON, a SPY. He lifts his arm and waggles a bony finger.

HARRISON
"Whether 'tis nobler in the mind
To suffer the slings and arrows
Of outrageous fortune
Or to take arms against a sea of
troubles..."

He pulls to a stop, noticing something far ahead. Startled, he takes a telescope out of his bag and puts it to his eye.

He is on the crest of a ridge, and before him lies a long, wooded slope going down to his left, and there in the distance: a line of smoke above the trees.

SPY
A sea of troubles - cavalry!

2 EXT. UNION CAVALRY AT WOODED SLOPE - DUSK 2

In between the trees, a long way off, are glimpses of blue soldiers on horses climbing quickly around a bend; and disappearing among the trees, a single, distant cavalry flag.

HARRISON
"When sorrows come, they come not single
spies, but whole battalions."

3 EXT. FORESTED RIDGE - DUSK 3

He puts out his hand to catch a raindrop, then spurs his horse into a trot.

HARRISON
Union Cavalry, two brigades.

SOUND OF THUNDER in the distance.

HARRISON
No need to hurry. It was only cavalry. The Union Army is still a long way off and they don't move very fast.
(chuckles)
No blue belly ever moves fast unless he's retreatin'. So, relax.

A gust of wind brings SOUNDS along through the heavy trees around him. He perks up his head, startled. He rides forward and upward along the narrow road under wet trees. The SOUNDS become LOUDER; the clanking of wagons, shuffling sounds. He moves slowly forward, beginning to see dust rising above the trees to his right. The Spy is moving along the top of a ridge.

4 EXT. VALLEY - DUSK 4

Down to his right is a long, curving valley. He sees SOLDIERS through the trees, a line marching, and then piece by piece, a UNION CORPS OF INFANTRY moving up that narrow road. There are thousands of MEN, a line of wagons, cannon, mounted officers. They constitute a long, blue line, moving out of the mist far to the right, into the rain far to the left, punctuated with flags and pennants.

MUSIC and MAIN TITLES begin and continue through the following.

First in the line of march is The Iron Brigade, noticeable for its accouterment of tall black hats.

5 EXT. FORESTED RIDGE - DUSK 5

The Spy has pulled out a notebook and is marking down the flag numbers, and he's amazed. The rain starts to come down, the Spy looks at his watch, and he knows that he's got to hurry.

HARRISON
I'm a comin', marse Robert. I'm a comin'.

He heads off through the lightning and heavy rain. The sky darkens.

6 EXT. CONFEDERATE PICKET LINE - NIGHT 6

Harrison is pushing very hard. Abruptly, there is a lantern on the road.

MUSIC and MAIN TITLES end.

A REBEL SOLDIER steps out with a rifle on his arm, followed by an OLD SERGEANT with a white beard and lantern. They stop, and as Harrison comes forward, the Sergeant takes his reins.

OLD SERGEANT
Evenin', friend. Where you headed?

Harrison is scared, tired, and his face is wet.

HARRISON
General Longstreet, I got to see the General.

OLD SERGEANT
Is that a fact?

SOLDIERS materialize in the firelight, viewing Harrison in an unfriendly way.

HARRISON
General Longstreet... I know General Lee has his headquarters up here a little ways, and wherever he is, General Longstreet is nearby. You fellows take me that way, this is urgent. Listen, man, there's a Union Army back that way just a few miles...

OLD SERGEANT
Well, let me put it to you stranger. You're not wearin' a uniform and you're comin' through my picket line in the middle of the night. I'll take you back, but if there's no one up there who knows you, why then, unfortunately, you'll have to be hanged.

7 EXT. LONGSTREET'S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT 7

8 INT. LONGSTREET'S TENT - NIGHT 8

LT. GENERAL LONGSTREET is lying there, staring up, listening to the light rain coming down.

The tent flap is pulled back to reveal his ADJUTANT G. MOXLEY SORREL.

SORREL
Sir, General, sir. Oh, you're awake.

LONGSTREET
Yeah.

SORREL
I'm sorry, excuse me, sir, but Harrison is back.

LONGSTREET
Harrison?

SORREL
Yes, sir. The scout, Harrison, sir – I – I knew you'd want to know that as soon as possible, sir. He's right here.

Longstreet nods.

9 EXT. LONGSTREET'S TENT - NIGHT 9

He comes out and looks out at the Spy who is still sitting on his horse in very light rain. Another of Longstreet's aides, T.J. GOREE is watching. The OLD SERGEANT stands there smoking a cigar. The Spy looks pale and wan and very tired. He touches his cap slightly.

HARRISON
Your servant, General. May I come down?

Longstreet nods. The Guards back off, and the spy slithers down.

HARRISON
(smiles)
You didn't expect to see me, did you?

LONGSTREET
What've you got?

The Spy sniffs the Sergeant's cigar.

HARRISON
Oh, General. I don't suppose you got another one of those – that good Southern tobacco.

LONGSTREET
Whatta you got?

HARRISON
(smiling)
I got the position of the Union Army.

Longstreet folds his arms behind his back and doesn't say anything – waits.

HARRISON
They're only a few miles down the road, the whole Union Army is coming this way – seven corps–

LONGSTREET
A few miles – what do you -?

HARRISON
(calmly, leaning against horse)
There's two brigades of Union Cavalry down that road to the east about, ohhh, two, four hours away. Behind that there's seven corps. Seven corps, and I'll put it all on the map if you'd like to see it. About 80,000 men. Maybe as many as a hundred thousand.

LONGSTREET
Seven corps?

HARRISON
Exactly. Uhuh. You didn't know any of that, General? Hmmm. You didn't know they was on the move, I bet. You wouldn't be spread out so thin if you knowed they was comin'. There's a draft beginnin' – You hear about that? There's a draft in New York, startin' this summer. That means the end of the volunteer army. Can you picture it? An army of draftees by the Fall.

Longstreet looks to Sorrel, a formal man who disapproves of spies. He shrugs and shakes his head.

LONGSTREET
How do you know we're spread out?

HARRISON
(smiles)
Listen, General, I'm good at this business.

LONGSTREET
Tell me our position.

HARRISON
Well, I can't be exact about this, 'cause I ain't scouted you myself, but I gather you're spread over most of this end of Pennsylvania from York up to Harrisburg and over to Chambersburg with the main body right near here where General Lee's just around the bend. That right?

Longstreet looks at Sorrel, who grimaces. The Spy sees their faces and smiles.

HARRISON
Oh, I knew it. That's why I hurried. Yank is just gettin' close, General. And you're spread out all over creation.

SORREL
(annoyed)
Sir, if this man's story is true, why haven't we heard about it? General Stuart's cavalry is out there. He woulda reported.

LONGSTREET
What do you know about Jeb Stuart?

HARRISON
Oh, he's out there all right. He's ridin' up North somewhere gettin' his name in the papers. He hasn't caused anything but a little fuss.

Longstreet looks over at Sorrel, who still shakes his head.

SORREL
If the whole Union Army was movin' that fast, as close as you say, I think Jeb Stuart would...

HARRISON
(a little miffed)
Well, now look here, I came all the way in the dark, in the rain, through a picket line. Listen, General, I tell you I don't know what Jeb Stuart is doin', and I don't care, but I do my job. There's Union Cavalry back down that road – thick as fleas – and maybe not two hours hard ride from this here now spot, and that by God is the Lord's truth!

LONGSTREET
(turns to Sorrel)
Okay, Major – get on over to General Lee. We have to wake the General up.
(to the old Sergeant)
And get this man a tent and a cigar.

10 INT. LEE'S STAFF TENT - NIGHT 10

The staff tent is dimly lit by lantern; a light rain patters down on the canvas. Longstreet and GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE are leaning over the map table, their Aides standing behind.

LONGSTREET
(pointing to a map on the table)
He says the lead element is here – with the First Corps: the Eleventh right behind. Seven corps altogether. He says there's a column of Union cavalry as well, about two hours to the east.

During Longstreet's report, Gettysburg and Chambersburg are plainly visible on the map.

LONGSTREET
First and Eleventh here – above Taineytown. Cavalry about here. There are maybe 100,000 of them altogether.

LEE
You believe the man? Mr. Harrison?

LONGSTREET
No choice. You remember him, sir... the actor from Mississippi?

LEE
An actor? We move on the word of an actor?

LONGSTREET
Can't afford not to.

LEE
Is he any good?

LONGSTREET
As a spy, yes; as an actor, I think not.

LEE
There would have been some word from General Stuart.

LONGSTREET
There should have been.

LEE
General Stuart wouldn't leave us blind.

LONGSTREET
— One other thing. Hooker has been replaced. The new commander is George Meade. Harrison saw it in the papers.

LEE
George Meade, a Pennsylvania man. Meade will be cautious, I think. Take him some time to get organized. Perhaps we should move quickly. There may be an opportunity here.

LONGSTREET
Yes, sir.

Lee looks down at the map.

LEE
Well, no reason to delay. I think we should concentrate here.
(he points to Gettysburg)
All the roads converge here. This road junction will be necessary.

LONGSTREET
Yes, sir.

LEE
What town is that?

LONGSTREET
(squints at map)
Gettysburg.

11 EXT. LEE'S STAFF TENT - PRE-DAWN 11

Lee motions for Longstreet to accompany him outside. With fellows at a distance watching them, Lee looks up at the wind in the trees; dawn is coming.

LEE
We'll move at sunrise... You know it's a good time of night. I've always liked this time of night... When this is over, I shall miss it very much.

LONGSTREET
Yes, sir.

LEE
I don't mean the fighting.

LONGSTREET
No.

LEE
Well - All in God's hands.

LONGSTREET
Good night, sir.

LEE
Good night.

Longstreet mounts, salutes, and starts to ride away. Moxley Sorrel rides up next to him.

SORREL
Shall I wake 'em up - shall I get 'em waked up and get goin'?

LONGSTREET
No, let the boys sleep a little longer.

They ride off into the dark.

DISSOLVE TO:

12 EXT. FEDERAL ENCAMPMENT - PRE-DAWN 12

The camp is coming to life. Buster KILRAIN crosses toward-

13 INT. CHAMBERLAIN'S TENT - PRE-DAWN 13

The tent-flap opens. JOSHUA LAWRENCE CHAMBERLAIN, still asleep and hugging his rucksack, is given a rousing shake by KILRAIN, his aide. Chamberlain blinks.

KILRAIN
Colonel, Colonel, darlin'. Rise up, me bucko... Sorry, darlin', but there's a bit of a problem, Colonel. Would y' like t' hear about it? Would y' wake up, sir?

Chamberlain sits there, in his frayed and worn longjohns.

KILRAIN
There's a whole company comin', sir, this way. I'll give y' time t' wake up, sir, but we got quite a problem.

Chamberlain yawns and rubs his jaw.

KILRAIN
Altogether, 120 men are comin'. We're to be havin' them as guests.

CHAMBERLAIN
Who? What for?

Starts dragging on his shirt.

KILRAIN
They should be arrivin' - should be here any minute.

CHAMBERLAIN
Who?

KILRAIN
Mutineers. Mutineers, Colonel, me lad. 120 men. From the old 2nd Maine which has been disbanded.

Chamberlain stands up, holds onto the tentpole, a bit dizzy.

CHAMBERLAIN
A hundred and twenty? Mutineers?

KILRAIN
Aye, sir.

KILRAIN helps Chamberlain on with his jacket.

KILRAIN
What happened was that the enlistment papers on the old Second Maine ran out, and so they were sent home, all except these 120 fellers, who had foolishly signed three year papers. Three years, that is. So these poor fellers have one more year to serve, only, y' see, they thought they were signin' t' fight only with the Second Maine and the Second Maine only, and so they quit, they resigned, do you see. A hundred and twenty men. Colonel, you all right?

Chamberlain wakes up slowly, buttons his blue coat and nods.

KILRAIN
Well, the point is, sir, these Maine fellers won't fight no more. But nobody can send them home, and nobody knows what to do with them, till they thought of us, bein' as we are the only other Maine Regiment. So these fellers been assigned to us. Yessir. There is a message here from General Meade.
(pulls out a paper)
George Meade, sir. That's the new General, the latest if you keep track of them as they go by. The message says they'll be here this mornin' and they are to join us and if they don't follow orders, please feel free to shoot 'em.

CHAMBERLAIN
Shoot 'em?

KILRAIN
Aye.
(grins)

CHAMBERLAIN
Maine men. Let me see.
(he reads)
"Hereby authorized to shoot any Maine man who refuses to do his duty." Whew. These are <u>all</u> Maine men?

KILRAIN
Yessir, fine big fellers they are.

CHAMBERLAIN
Mutiny. Heh! I thought that was a word for the Navy.

14 EXT. UNION ENCAMPMENT - NEAR UNION MILLS - PRE-DAWN 14

Chamberlain steps outside. He sees the encampment around him. Men are saddling horses, fixing breakfast. The darkness is yielding to early dawn.

CHAMBERLAIN
Somebody's crazy.

KILRAIN
(at his side)
Uh-huh, yessir.

CHAMBERLAIN
How many men do we have now in the 20th Maine? What's the—

KILRAIN
Somewhat around 250, sir, countin' the officers.

CHAMBERLAIN
How the heck do we take care of a hundred and twenty men?

Chamberlain squints down the road. He can SEE a great many troops off in the distance. The mist is rising.

KILRAIN
Colonel, it's gonna be a hot day today. Since you've already been down with the heat, please will y' ride the horse, Colonel, which the Lord hath provided, instead of walkin' in the damn hot murderin' dust?

CHAMBERLAIN
You walked.

KILRAIN
Ah, but Colonel darlin'. I been in the Infantry since you was in books. It's the first few thousand miles. After that, a man gets limber with his feet.

Up comes LIEUTENANT TOM CHAMBERLAIN, Joshua's younger brother.

TOM
Hi, Lawrence. How you been doin'? You look kinda peaked.

CHAMBERLAIN
Darnit Tom, don't call me Lawrence.

He looks down the hill.

CHAMBERLAIN
Doesn't make sense... Hold a gun on a man to get him to fight?

15 EXT. ROAD NEAR UNION MILLS - PRE-DAWN 15

A CAPTAIN leading them, out of this mist come 120 tired, unarmed men, in two raggedy lines. The men of Chamberlain's regiment momentarily turn from their morning activities to watch this arrival. Escorting the prisoners are guards with fixed bayonets.

CAPTAIN
Halt! Attention!

The prisoners ignore the order to attention, and one slumps to the ground in exhaustion. A guard comes forward and probes him with his bayonet.

GUARD
You heard the officer, get up! Stand at attention!

At that several more prisoners sit.

CAPTAIN
Guards, get these men back on their feet!

The guards shift and grin confusedly, as all the prisoners sit by the road, ignoring the officer and the guards. The Captain pulls off his gloves and shakes his head with contempt.

CAPTAIN
Looking for the commanding officer, Twentieth Maine.

CHAMBERLAIN
You've found him.

TOM
(coming up)
That's him all right.

CAPTAIN
(staring at Chamberlain insolently)
You Chamberlain?

CHAMBERLAIN
(after a pause... softly)
Colonel Chamberlain to you.

The Captain is momentarily perplexed, then slowly comes to attention and salutes. Some of the prisoners are watching. Most have their heads lowered in fatigue.

CAPTAIN
Captain Brewer, sir. One-eighteen Pennsylvania.

He hands Chamberlain a sheaf of paper.

CAPTAIN
If you're commanding officer sir, then I present you with these here prisoners.

Chamberlain gives the papers a quick glance, then hands them over to Tom.

CAPTAIN
You're welcome to 'em. God knows. Had to use the bayonet to get 'em moving. You got to sign for 'em, Colonel.

CHAMBERLAIN
Sign it, Tom... You're relieved, Captain.

Taking the signed copy, the Captain pulls on his gloves and says loudly, for effect...

CAPTAIN
You're authorized to use whatever force necessary, Colonel. If you have to shoot 'em, why, you go right ahead. Won't nobody say nothin'.

CHAMBERLAIN
You're relieved, Captain.

The Captain leaves as Chamberlain walks towards the prisoners. One of the guards stiffens as he approaches.

CHAMBERLAIN
(to the guards)
You men can leave now. We don't need any guards.

The guards begin to move off.

16 EXT. UNION ENCAMPMENT NEAR UNION MILLS - PRE-DAWN 16

Chamberlain continues to the center of the prisoners, looking around. Some faces are turned up: hunger, exhaustion, resentment, hatred.

CHAMBERLAIN
My name is Chamberlain. I'm the Colonel of the Twentieth Maine.

He doesn't talk loud. A few heads turn to him.

CHAMBERLAIN
What'd you fellows eat last? When did you have something to eat?

There is silence for a moment. A couple of others begin to turn towards Chamberlain.

SCARED 2ND MAINE MAN
It been a coupla' days.

OLD 2ND MAINE MAN
I ain't hungry.

SCARED 2ND MAINE MAN
They been tryin' to break us by not feedin' us. We ain't broke yet.

CHAMBERLAIN
They just told me you were coming a little while ago. I'll get the cook going. Meat may be a little raw, but there's not much time to cook.

More men turn.

CHAMBERLAIN
We got a way to go today, and you'll be comin' along with us, so you better eat hearty. We'll set you up there back in the trees. Kilrain? See to it.

KILRAIN salutes and hops off.

CHAMBERLAIN
Well, you fellows eat up and I'll come over and hear what you have to say.

He nods his head and turns away.

SCARED 2ND MAINE MAN (O.S.)
Colonel.

Chamberlain turns. The scared man (Bucklin) stands.

BUCKLIN
Colonel, the men elected me to talk for 'em.

Chamberlain nods.

CHAMBERLAIN
Yes. All right. You come along with me. The rest of you fellows go over and eat, 'cause we're gonna get movin' in a little while.

Chamberlain starts to walk off, Tom alongside.

TOM
Gosh, Lawrence.

CHAMBERLAIN
Smile, and don't call me Lawrence. Are they moving?

He stops and glances back, to see with relief that the mutineers are up and moving over to where their food is being prepared. Bucklin has slowly followed behind Chamberlain.

CHAMBERLAIN
(smiling and extending his hand)
What's your name?

Bucklin slowly lifts his hand.

BUCKLIN
I don't feel too kindly, Colonel.

CHAMBERLAIN
(in a good natured manner, patiently)
Well, I'm not usually that informal.
(MORE)

CHAMBERLAIN (CONT'D)
I just took command of this outfit a few days ago, but somebody ought to welcome you to my – our outfit. I hear they've been holding you fellows because you signed three year papers, right? Oh, you want some coffee?

Tom brings up two cups. Bucklin shakes his head, he doesn't want any. At his tent, Chamberlain takes his coffee.

CHAMBERLAIN
Go ahead and sit down, Mr. umm–

BUCKLIN
(he is weary and apprehensive)
Bucklin is the name. Listen, Colonel, I been in seven different engagements. How many you been in?

CHAMBERLAIN
Not that many.

He sips the coffee, looking at Bucklin, and then sits down. Tom pulls up a chair, but Bucklin stands there.

BUCKLIN
It's not the papers, the damn papers. I've done my share – we done – most of us – Well, some of those boys are no damn good, sure, but most of them have been all the way, all the way here and back – damn good men. Looka here.

He pulls up his pants leg to reveal a long purple swelling.

BUCKLIN
I done my share.

CHAMBERLAIN
Where you from?

BUCKLIN
Bangor.

CHAMBERLAIN
I don't know any Bangor people. You a farmer?

BUCKLIN
Fisherman.

KILRAIN comes up quickly.

KILRAIN
Colonel, we got a courier comin'.

BUCKLIN
Listen, Colonel, I'm tired, y' know what I mean, I'm tired. I've had all this damned Army, all of them officers, this Hooker, this Meade, all of them in the whole bloody lousy rotten sick brain pot-bellied, ain't fit to lead a johnny detail, ain't fit to pour pee out of a boot with instructions on the heel. I'm tired. We're good men, and these damn idiots use us like we was dogs. We ain't gonna win this war. We can't win no war because of these lame-brained bastards from West Point. These damn gentlemen. OFFICERS!!!!

He stops, out of breath. Chamberlain has been watching with no expression.

KILRAIN
(politely)
A courier, sir.

CHAMBERLAIN
(to Bucklin)
Don't go away.
(he stands)

The Courier, a Young Lieutenant, dismounts, saluting.

THE COURIER
Colonel Chamberlain, sir. Colonel Vincent wishes to inform you that the 5th Corps is moving out at once and you, sir, with the 20th Maine Regiment are instructed to take the lead. The Twentieth Maine has been assigned the first position in line. You will send out advanced guards and flankers, sir, yes flankers.

CHAMBERLAIN
Right. My compliments to the Colonel.
(turns to KILRAIN)
(MORE)

CHAMBERLAIN (CONT'D)
You heard him. Better get the regiment up. Sound the "General." Strike the tents.

(KILRAIN salutes, leaves; to Bucklin)
Better get something to eat, you look like you need it. Tell your men I'm comin'.

Bucklin begins to limp towards the food as Tom comes up.

TOM
The fellas from the Second Maine are being fed, Lawrence.

CHAMBERLAIN
Don't call me Lawrence.

TOM
Lawrence, great God almighty, you're my brother.

CHAMBERLAIN
Ah well, just be careful of that name business in front of the men. Because you're my brother don't mean — it'll look like favoritism.

TOM
Well, darnit, General Meade has his son as his adjutant.

CHAMBERLAIN
That's different. Generals can do anything. Nothing quite so much like God on earth as a general on a battlefield.

TOM
What you gonna do with them — uh, Colonel sir — you can't shoot 'em. You'll never go back to Maine, you do that.

CHAMBERLAIN
I know that. I wonder if they do.

17 EXT. ROAD NEAR UNION MILLS - DAWN 17

A BLARE OF BUGLES. Down the road toward Union Mills the troops are lining up, a whole CORPS getting ready to move out.

18 EXT. UNION ENCAMPMENT NEAR UNION MILLS - DAWN 18

Chamberlain looks towards the men eating under the trees. He starts to walk that way, slowly.

CHAMBERLAIN
Got to talk. What do I say, "Home and Mother?"

He shakes his head. The men see him coming. His own regiment is watching him, expressionless, silent. A BUGLE sounds again. One 20th MAINE MAN, a cook named GLAZIER ESTABROOK, waves hello.

ESTABROOK
Hey, Colonel. You know who this is?

He points to a grinning Boy, one of the kids with the Mutineers.

ESTABROOK
This is Dan Burns from Orono. I know his daddy. He's a preacher. Best damn cusser I ever heard. Knows more fine swear words than any man in Maine.

Chamberlain is moving into the center of the 2nd Maine, the Mutineers. They are all eating and looking at him.

CHAMBERLAIN
I've been talking with Mr. Bucklin. He's told me your problem.

He looks around from face to face.

CHAMBERLAIN
There's nothing I can do today. We're moving out in a few minutes and we'll be moving all day. I've been ordered to take you men with me. I've been told if you don't come I can shoot you. Well, you know I won't do that... Maybe somebody else will but I won't. So that's that. Here's the situation. The whole Reb army is up that road a ways waitin' for us, and this is no time for an argument like this. I tell ya, we sure can use you fellas. We're now below half strength. Whether you fight or not is up to you. Whether you come along—
(MORE)

CHAMBERLAIN (CONT'D)
(he smiles slightly)
Well, you're comin'. You know who we are and what we're doin' here, but if you're gonna fight alongside us there's a few things I want you to know. This regiment was formed last fall in Maine. There were a thousand of us then. There's less than three hundred of us now.
(pauses and looks around)
All of us volunteered to fight for the Union, as you did. Some came in mainly because we were bored at home and this looked like it might be fun. Some came because we were ashamed not to. Many of us came because it was the right thing to do. All of us have seen men die. This is a different kind of army. If you look at history, you'll see men fighting for pay, women, or for some other kind of loot – they fight for land, power, because a king leads them or just because they like killing. We are here for something new. I don't – this hasn't happened much in the history of the world. We are an army out to set other men free. This is free ground! All the way from here to the Pacific Ocean. No man has to bow. No man born to royalty. Here we judge you by what you do, not by who your father was. Here you can be something. Here's the place to build a home. But it isn't the land – there's always more land. It's the idea that we all have value, you and me. What we're fighting for, in the end, we're fighting for each other.

Suddenly he feels self-conscious.

CHAMBERLAIN
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to preach.

Takes a deep breath. This has rattled him a bit.

CHAMBERLAIN
Well, go ahead, talk for a while. If you want your rifles for this fight, you can have 'em, and nothing more will be said by anybody anywhere.
(MORE)

CHAMBERLAIN (CONT'D)
If you won't join us, you'll come along under Guard, and when this is over I'll do what I can to see that you get a fair treatment, but now we have to move out.
(pause, nobody moves)

The whole regiment of the 20th Maine out on the road, waiting.

CHAMBERLAIN
Fellas, I think if we lose this fight we lose the war, so if you choose to come with us, I'll be personally very grateful.

19 EXT. ROAD NEAR UNION MILLS - DAWN 19

He walks off, takes the rein of his horse from Sergeant Tozier and mounts. MAJOR ELLIS SPEAR rides up and salutes formally. Chamberlain looks up the empty road ahead. He looks back down the line, sees the whole Fifth Corps in position, thousands of men behind him.

SPEAR
Colonel, sir. It's a good morning.

CHAMBERLAIN
Major Spear, are we ready?

SPEAR
Sir, that we are.

CHAMBERLAIN
Well then, Major, let's move out.

Spear grins, raises his right hand, turns towards the troops and yells.

SPEAR
20th Maine. At the route step. Forward — march!

And they begin to march off down the empty road.

20 EXT. CASHTOWN ROAD - DUSK (POV CONFEDERATE TROOPS SPYGLASS) 20

OMIT 21

22 EXT. CEMETERY HILL - DUSK 22

A dozen Union cavalry at the edge of the cemetery. JOHN BUFORD is between his two officers, BILL GAMBLE and TOM DEVIN, looking through his field glasses.

GAMBLE
That's infantry, alright. At least one whole brigade.

BUFORD
Any sign of cavalry?

GAMBLE
Not a lick. Strange. Infantry moving alone in enemy country. Blind. Very strange... If you want to fight here sir, this sure is lovely ground. Best damn ground I've seen all day.

BUFORD
It is that.

GAMBLE
By God, I think they're turnin' round.

Buford looks back through his binoculars. The grey troops have turned, have begun to withdraw back by the Seminary, on their way west and out of town.

GAMBLE
Whatta you make of that?

Buford rides slowly forward through the graveyard and stops by the cast of a White Angel, arm uplifted towards the sky.

BUFORD
He's comin' this way.

GAMBLE
Sir?

BUFORD
Lee's turned. That's the main body.

GAMBLE
(a little startled)
You think so? I woulda sworn they were headed towards Harrisburg.

BUFORD
He was. But that's too many troops to be a raiding party. There's power behind it... Move both brigades into town. That'll make the good citizens happy. I'm gonna go have a look.

23 EXT. LOWER PART CEMETERY HILL - DUSK 23

He hops the stone wall on his horse and rides down towards the edge of town, Devin and Gamble alongside. Gettysburg, narrow little houses, small streets, not a very big town. He stops again and looks through his glass at the Confederate Army in the distance.

BUFORD
Get your patrols out. Scout the land in front of us, but also scout up north towards Harrisburg. I think Lee's turned the whole army. He's comin' this way, trying to get around us, between Meade and Washington. And won't that chew up the Senate. If I'm right, there'll be a lotta troops up that road, comin' down the northern road too. So, hop to it.

Gamble moves off quickly. Buford's got a good view. He can see the Seminary, see out over the whole town. He sees the last soldiers on the western slope disappear, and it is suddenly empty.

BUFORD
You know what's gonna happen in the morning?

DEVIN
(surprised)
Sir?

BUFORD
The whole Reb army is gonna be here.... They'll move through this town and they'll occupy these hills, and when our people get here, Lee will have the high ground and there'll be the devil to pay. The high ground.

DEVIN
Yessir.

BUFORD
We have twenty-five hundred men. They'll be coming in force. At least twenty thousand comin' down that road in the mornin'. Well, if we hold this here for a couple of hours, we can keep 'em away, we can block the road, until our main body gets here.

DEVIN
Well, I'll tell ya, the boys are ready for a brawl, no doubt of that.

24 EXT. GETTYSBURG TOWN - DUSK 24

Buford rides forward, into the town streets. There are a few people coming out on the road, a small following of happy boys. A WOMAN on a porch smiles and waves. An old bearded MAN comes up to them.

OLD MAN
There's Johnny Rebs ever'where, ever'where.

Buford nods at him as an officer hands him a newspaper which reads "CITIZENS OF PENNSYLVANIA - PREPARE TO DEFEND YOUR HOMES!"

THE WOMAN
Is there going to be a disturbance in our town?

DEVIN
Nothin' the cavalry can't handle.

24A EXT. ROAD TO GETTYSBURG - DUSK 24A

Chamberlain is mounted and behind him the 20th Maine marches in the heat and dust. As they march by a FARMER is trying to sell fresh milk.

Another FARMER is handing out free bread and pieces of cake. A PRETTY YOUNG GIRL comes up to Chamberlain and hands him a warm piece of cake. She is very shy and rushes off as the regiment starts to CHEER her.

They are coming into a small village and a BAND strikes up "Yankee Doodle". PEOPLE are waving at them on both sides of the road as they march on through. Chamberlain wipes the sweat from his eyes, and then dismounts, lending his horse.

KILRAIN
(approaching him)
Sir, do you mind?

CHAMBERLAIN
A good officer doesn't ride all day. I've been sittin' too long anyway.

Tom rides up, grinning. He dismounts.

TOM
Lawrence, whatta you think? Hey, my God, whatta you think?

CHAMBERLAIN
About what?

TOM
About the 2nd Maine boys, what else?

CHAMBERLAIN
Are any of them gonna join us?

TOM
Would you believe it? All but six.

CHAMBERLAIN
What?

TOM
I counted, by actual vote. One hundred and fourteen voted to pick up the rifle.

CHAMBERLAIN
Well, I'll be.

TOM
Brother, you did real good, real good.

CHAMBERLAIN
See to it they don't march together.

TOM
Yah. Glazier's got the hard heads, the few guys, there were six of 'em, in tow.

CHAMBERLAIN
Okay, fine. Get all the names and start assigning them to different companies, don't get 'em bunched up. Spread 'em out. Okay? I'll see about their rifles.

TOM
Yessuh. Colonel, sir.

25 EXT. RIDGE EAST OF WILLOUGHBY RUN - DUSK 25

Buford and Devin are at the ridge, just west of the town. Buford has lit a cigar.

BUFORD
We can force the Rebs to deploy. That's a narrow road they'll be comin' down. If we stack 'em up, it'll take 'em time to get untracked, to get into position.
(to Devin)
How many cannons we got?

DEVIN
Sir? Oh, we have one battery, sir, that's all - six gun, Calef's battery.

BUFORD
How far back is Reynolds with the main force?

LIEUTENANT
About ten miles. Not much more, sir.

Gamble rides up at a gallop with the rest of Buford's staff.

GAMBLE
Sir, you're right! My scouts report the Reb Army's comin' this way, and that's for sure! They're all concentrating in this direction.

Buford thinks for a moment; his men gather close around him; he takes a deep breath.

BUFORD
We're going to hold here in the morning. Long enough for Reynolds and the infantry to arrive. If we hang onto the high ground, we have a good chance to win the fight that's coming. Understood?

The excitement charges through the STAFF.

BUFORD
Post the cannon along that west road, the Cashtown Road. The Rebels will hit us at dawn. I think we can hold at least... two hours.

DEVIN
Hell, General, we can hold them all the damn livelong day!

His AIDES begin to agree.

DEVIN
At Thoroughfare Gap, you held against Longstreet! You held for six hours!

GAMBLE
(remembering)
And nobody ever came. We held for nothin'.

Dead silence.

BUFORD
The Rebs should come in just at about first light. Keep a clear eye. Have the pickets give us a good warning.
(a pause)
All right, let's get posted!

26 EXT. SEMINARY - A SHORT WHILE LATER - DUSK 26

Dusk is rapidly settling... Buford is sitting on a bench on the porch of the Seminary, writing a message. From behind the Seminary walls the sounds of an ORGAN playing a Bach chorale. A couple of robed Seminarians nod silent greetings as they pass.

BUFORD (V.O.)
General, I have occupied Gettysburg. Contacted large body of Reb infantry, and scouts confirm Lee's main body converging in this direction.

Now we begin to TIGHTEN TO him:

BUFORD (V.O.)
(continuing)
Expect they will be here in force in the morning. I am in possession of good ground... best ground around. But cannot hold it unless reinforced first thing tomorrow.

HOLD, and...

BUFORD (V.O.)
Repeat – I do not know how long my two brigades can hold without help. Urgent confirmation requested.
(and)
Yours respectfully... John Buford.

SUPER TITLE:

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1, 1863

THE FIRST DAY OF BATTLE

27 EXT. LEE'S TENT - DAWN 27

The silver-haired face steps out of the tent into the light of the early dawn. He looks up at the hillsides; the strands of mist across the trees, rain off in the distance, clouds above.

LEE (V.O.)
"Bow down Thy heaven, O Lord,
and come down,
Touch the mountains
And they shall smoke."

"Blessed be the Lord, my strength, which teaches my fingers to fight, and my hands to war. Amen."

He takes a deep breath and walks slowly along to the fence near his tent where the two horses are standing, Traveler and Lucy Long.

LEE
Good morning, Lucy. Traveler, good morning.

Lee then hears a few YELLS and turns to see some TROOPS gathering along the other fence off in the distance. A bunch of sloppy salutes and broad grins under wet hats. Behind Lee there is "Good morning, sir." WALTER TAYLOR, Lee's Aide, is a self-confident, happy-go-lucky, cheerful chap.

LEE
Good morning, Major.

TAYLOR
How are you this morning, sir? How are you feeling, sir?

LEE
Any word from General Stuart?

TAYLOR
No, sir. I wouldn've wakened you, sir, if uh – but there's no report at all, sir.

Lee turns back to the horse.

LEE
If I don't hear from General Stuart by this evening, I want to send word out to him.

TAYLOR
Yes, sir. I have a message from General Hill, sir.

LEE
Yes?

TAYLOR
General Hill wishes to inform you that he is going in to Gettysburg this morning with his lead division, General Heth. He advises me that there is a shoe warehouse in the town and he intends to requisition some foot gear.

LEE
General Hill knows I want no fight until this army is concentrated.

TAYLOR
Yes, sir. General Hill expects no opposition, except perhaps some local militia with shotguns and such.
(grins)
Will the General have breakfast?... We have flapjacks in small mountains. You must try 'em. Fresh butter, bacon, wagons of hams, apple butter, ripe cherries. Really oughta pitch in. Courtesy of our host, the great state of Pennsylvania.

LEE
Any trouble with the locals?

TAYLOR
Oh no, sir, no trouble with them. The men are behaving very well.
(MORE)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
But there are some local women who claim we have taken all their food and though they don't complain of our having paid for it in the good dear coin of mighty Virginia—

(grins because he knows that Virginia money here doesn't mean anything)

...they do object to starving.

LEE
We must be charitable to these people, Major. We have enough enemies.

TAYLOR
Well yes, sir. The men have their strict orders, but I must say, those orders would be easier to follow had the Yankees showed charity when they were in Virginia.

LEE
Major! This Army will conduct itself properly and with respect to the civilian population. You will report any infractions to me personally... no matter how minor or trivial they may seem.

Taylor recognizes the tone and steps back very politely.

TAYLOR
Yes, sir.

At that moment a band plays "Bonnie Blue Flag," heralding the arrival of General Longstreet who rides up with his aides, Sorrell and Golee.

28 EXT. LEE'S TENT - DAWN 28

LEE
General. Mornin'.

Longstreet touches his cap.

LONGSTREET
Good mornin', sir... The Federals are closing in.

LEE
Yes. I've confirmed some of your man Harrison's information. The new commander is definitely George Meade.

Longstreet reaches inside his coat, comes out with a fat cigar.

LONGSTREET
You can trust my man. I sent him into Gettysburg this morning. He said he saw two brigades of Union Cavalry there.

LEE
(surprised)
Two brigades? This morning?

LONGSTREET
Didn't you get the message?

LEE
General Hill reports only militia.

LONGSTREET
It's Cavalry.
(chews, spits)
Where there is Cavalry there will be infantry close behind. Meade's comin' fast. Looks like he's tryin' to get behind us.

LEE
Behind us. In front. The direction does not matter. We'll fight him wherever he is.

LONGSTREET
Probably has Lincoln on his back frantic to throw us out of Pennsylvania.

LEE
We may have an opportunity here.

LONGSTREET
Yep, objective was to get him out of Washington and in the open. Now he's out.

LEE
He has been forcing the march. The weather has been unusually hot.
(MORE)

LEE (CONT'D)
He will arrive strung out and weary, piece by piece. If we concentrate, we can hit him as he comes up. If we break up a couple of his corps, we can even the odds. We must hit hard, hit quick.

Suddenly the SOUND of BOOMING CANNON in the distance. Out on the road, the army marches by.

BACK TO SCENE

LEE
What artillery is that?

TAYLOR
Don't know, sir. I sent forward for information a while back. Harry Heth is in front.

LEE
My instructions were clear?

TAYLOR
Yes sir. To all commanders. Avoid contact with the enemy until the Army is all up and concentrated.

LEE
And Heth?

TAYLOR
He has instructions not to force a major action. I told him myself, this morning.

LEE
Send for General Heth, I must know what's happening.

Taylor steps off to dispatch a messenger.

LEE
General, in the fight that's coming I want you to stay back from the main line. This army has already lost too many veteran commanders... You have a very bad habit, General, of going too far forward.

LONGSTREET
Can't lead from behind.

LEE
Let me put it plainly. I can't spare you. Now let's look to today. General, bring up your corps.

More cannon boom in the distance. Taylor has returned.

LEE
Have Traveler saddled up Mr. Taylor. We're going to have a look for ourselves.

29 EXT. THE CUPOLA OF THE LUTHERAN SEMINARY - DAY 29

Loud cannons. John Buford is in the top of the cupola, looking to the west with his binoculars. Next to him is a bucktoothed lieutenant.

BUFORD
They had any sense, they'd probe this position first and find out what they're attacking. They've got a brigade in position. That's all. They're hitting me with one brigade and I'm dug in. Lovely. Lovely. No Reb cannon to reply. Not yet. Thank God.

He swings around and looks back the other way, towards the east — waiting for Reynolds and reinforcements. But that road is totally empty, nobody there. He grunts, looks down at his watch and starts down the cupola ladder.

The Union cannons fire another salvo.

30 EXT. UNION POSITIONS WILLOUGHBY RUN - DAY 30

Buford gets on his horse and dashes over to the cannon where he sees Bill Gamble, who is checking ammunition. There is blood splattered on his left sleeve, but he has not been hit.

GAMBLE
Hey, General, that was close crop.

BUFORD
How are your losses?

GAMBLE
Not bad. Not bad at all. We were dug in pretty good. We got 'em right out in the open. Really got a twist on 'em. Arrogant people, you know that? Came right at us—

(MORE)

GAMBLE (CONT'D)
(then)
Listen, we got some prisoners. They're Harry Heth's division, of Hill's Corps. That's what I've got in front of me.

Buford nods; Gamble rattles on excitedly, head moving in jerky twitches:

GAMBLE
Sir, as I remember – Heth's got near ten thousand men... they're all within sound of this – back up that road between here and Cashtown just a little ways up the road.

Buford looks up the road; sees bodies strewn along it, and in the distance Grey Troops beginning to mass and spread out, moving in both directions, some to the left, some to the right.

GAMBLE
Sir, he'll be here with all ten thousand men.

BUFORD
It'll take him a while to deploy.

GAMBLE
Yessir, but he's got Hill's whole corps behind him, maybe 25,000. And Longstreet behind that. And Ewell over there...
(points)
...to the north.

BUFORD
I know... I know.

GAMBLE
Thing is this. When John Reynolds gets here...

Buford squints in that direction with his hand to his eye.

GAMBLE
He won't have the whole army with him only part of it. Point is – as I see it, Reb'll be here this afternoon with everything they've got. Just thought I'd mention it. Now, what do you want me to do here?

BUFORD
Well, Heth'll be back in a bit. If he's got any brains at all, and he's not stupid, he'll know by now he's got at least a brigade in front of him. I don't think he'll wait to get his whole division in line. That would take half the morning.

GAMBLE
He don't need his whole division.

BUFORD
Is Devin reporting much activity from his front over to the right?

GAMBLE
Not a lick.

BUFORD
Okay. Have Devin pull his people out and have him dig in alongside you, lengthening your line. When Heth comes back he'll run into two brigades instead of one. That should hold him until Reynolds gets here.

GAMBLE
Right.
(he looks up at the sky)
Damn glad the rain is gone. Don't want anything to slow up Reynolds.

BUFORD
You take care of yourself.

GAMBLE
You know me. I'm the soul of caution.

Gamble moves off.

31 EXT. WILLOUGHBY RUN - DAY 31

Buford rides forward towards Willoughby Run, the Bucktoothed Lieutenant alongside.

LIEUTENANT
Sir, you're a little too close, ain't you now?

Buford can see a couple cannon, way out in the distance, coming down the Cashtown road and being moved into position.

BUFORD
(half to himself)
We've got two thousand. We can't hold ten. If Heth attacks in force he'll roll right over us.
(to the Lieutenant)
Son, you pick up a squad of Devin's, then you ride on out that road to the north about five miles. You squat across some high ground where you can see. First sign you get of the enemy coming down that road, the north road, you ride like hell this way and tell me. You get that?

LIEUTENANT
Right.

Lieutenant salutes and gallops off north in the direction of Devin's men. A cannon opens up on the other side... and one cannon ball explodes just past the Union battery.

Buford swings back his glasses again to watch where Reynolds will be coming from, but there is nothing there. Then there is heavy FIRING. The Rebs are opening up and off in the distance we HEAR, for the first time, that thin SCREAM, the Rebel yell. Cannonballs hit all around. There is a big attack coming. Buford looks off to his right and sees a breakthrough. He can see some troops beginning to move back, FIRING. Then he sees Reserve Soldiers off to the right begin to fire into the men who have broken through. They move forward, FIRING, and the breakthrough is pushed back.

BUFORD
Thank God for that. Thank God for that.

He looks around to his left – where there is smoke and YELLING. His Aide comes up.

AIDE
Gamble's down, sir. Gamble, but he's not hurt bad, sir.

Buford rides forward and sees Gamble – more smoke and people FIRING. Gamble's Aide is next to him, holding him up, ragged and dirty.

GAMBLE
I'm okay. I'm okay. The damn thing just came awful close, that's all.

One of Devin's AIDES comes running over from the right, salutes.

DEVIN'S AIDE
Sir, no problem on the right. There was a little breakthrough there, but we pulled up the reserve. We didn't pull up all of it, sir. What do you say we do?

Buford, on horseback, looks at the action, the heavy assault, massive GUNFIRE, massive defense, everybody shooting, smoke all over the place – and in a break through the smoke, a long heavy line of grey uniforms coming up the ridge.

BUFORD
(turns and yells to the Aide)
All the reserve, forward now.

The Aide dashes off into the smoke. In the next few minutes they really pour up – it's they heaviest part of the action so far. Buford just sits there on the horse in the middle of cannon fire. Bullets whistle by. Guys go down; cannonballs hit a group of people and tear them up; one cannon is knocked to pieces. He looks back to the east, he can't see anything. He looks at his watch, then to the east again–

31A EXT. OPEN FIELDS - DAY 31A

POV

And there at a long distance, sees this one figure on a black horse, coming at a gallop across the fields. A line of Aides is strung out behind him, cutting across the fields instead of taking the road. There is no doubt at all who it is.

BACK TO SCENE

BUFORD
Thank God. It's John Reynolds.

The FIRING is now beginning to subside. Buford turns and realizes he has held it – this far at least. He rides to meet Reynolds.

32 EXT. SEMINARY - DAY 32

REYNOLDS
Good morning, John.

BUFORD
(sticks out a hand)
General, I'm damn glad to see you.

Reynolds takes the hand, nods.

BUFORD
They've been hittin' pretty damn hard. I don't think we can hold much longer.

Buford turns to see a blue line that has come around the bend, the First Column of Infantry, the lovely flags.

REYNOLDS
That's the First Corps. The Eleventh is right behind it... Good job, John.

BUFORD
Thank you. I don't think they knew up until now what they were up against.

REYNOLDS
They'll be coming back. Very good. They'll come in here thinking now they're up against two tired Cavalry Brigades, and instead they'll be hitting two Corps of fresh Union infantry.
(smiles)

BUFORD
Yes, sir!

REYNOLDS
You can start pulling your boys out as soon as we set up. Put them out on my flanks. Good cavalry on both flanks.

BUFORD
Yes sir! You know, John—
(really relaxed)
...most of my life I resented the appearance of high command, but, John, I sure am glad to see you.

Reynolds grins.

REYNOLDS
(to his lieutenant alongside)
Lieutenant, go into that town and tell those people to stay in off the streets. Especially children. There's liable to be a fair-sized dispute here today.
(looks at one of his Aides)
Joe, how can you see with those things on?

The Aide is wearing glasses that are very muddy, and he takes them and tries to clean them. At that moment a shell HITS a treetop across the road and splinters flicker through the grove and spatter against the brick wall.

REYNOLDS
(to his aides)
Gentlemen, place the troops.

He motions for Buford to ride with him and they ride out into the road.

REYNOLDS
Now, John, Heth has got about ten thousand men coming down the road, wouldn't you say?

BUFORD
Yes, sir, but there'll be a lot more behind him.

REYNOLDS
Well, we can put almost 20,000 in the field in the next half hour. We're in very good shape I think.

BUFORD
For a while.

Reynolds nods, turns in his saddle, looks back towards the hills.

REYNOLDS
Lovely ground.

BUFORD
I thought so.

REYNOLDS
Keep at it, John. Some day, if you're spared, you may make a soldier.

Which, from Reynolds, is a great compliment.

REYNOLDS
Now, let's go surprise Harry Heth.

33 EXT. SEMINARY RIDGE - DAY 33

Men come up with the Wisconsin flag, and troops pour into line.

34 EXT. CASHTOWN ROAD - DAY 34

Lee is pushing ahead, riding through troops, Taylor and Marshall alongside. A couple of wagons have fallen over, blocking the road by a row of cannon. Troops CHEER him as he goes by.

35 EXT. CONFEDERATE LINES - DAY 35

He begins to come into VIEW of the battlefield in the distance, into an opening on a flat, grassy rise. There are fields on both sides of the road, broken by one low rail fence; in the distance the large red building with the white cupola. There's heavy fighting going on.

A battery of artillery is FIRING off to his right. Troops are moving down the road and across the fence. Cannon are pulled off the road and into position. Lee sees only fragmentary things; smoke, no Union soldiers yet. The firing is intermittent. Up rides HARRY HETH, square faced, spattering dust, jerking at his horse.

LEE
General Heth.

HETH
Sir, beg to report—
(very formal in his approach)

LEE
Yes.

HETH
Very strange, sir. The situation is very confused.

LEE
(seething)
What happened?

HETH
Well sir, I moved in this morning as directed. I thought it was only a few militia. But it was dismounted Cavalry, sir. Well, there weren't all that many and the boys wouldn't hold back. I thought we shouldn't ought to be stopped by a few dismounted Cavalry. But they made a good fight. They really put up a scrap.

LEE
Yes.

HETH
Well sir, they wouldn't leave. My boys got their dander up. We deployed the whole division and went after them. We just about had them running and then all of a sudden they got up infantry support. We got pushed back. Then we re-formed and tried again, couldn't just leave it to them, sir. But now there's more Yankee infantry coming up, I don't know how many. But I don't know what else we could have done. It started out as a minor scrap with a few militia and the next think I know, I'm tangling with half the Union Army.

Cannon OPEN UP from the Union side.

TAYLOR
(urgently)
General Lee, you are in range of the enemy batteries.

Lee looks that way and doesn't move.

TAYLOR
Sir, you gentlemen are standing together. May I suggest that you move at least to the shelter of the trees.

LEE
Things will get out of control Mr. Heth. That's why we have orders. Is it possible you could have misunderstood them?

HETH
(crestfallen)
No sir.

LEE
Can you identify the Union force?

HETH
The infantry is the First Corps, the black hats. There's another corps coming up we still haven't identified.

There is an assault coming in on the north side, and Lee looks automatically in that direction, far to the left.

LEE
(turns to Taylor)
I want all possible knowledge of the enemy strength. Ride forward yourself to the highest position and observe and be careful. Perhaps—
(Taylor rides off)

HETH
Sir, shall I attack?

Lee shakes his head.

LEE
No, we are not yet prepared for a full engagement. General Longstreet is not up with his whole corps.

HETH
Sir, the enemy is disorganized. If we throw in all our forces now in the field, we will have the advantage.

To the left heavy batteries of artillery are opening up.

LEE
Is that our artillery?

HETH
Yes, sir.

LEE
I cannot imagine what's become of Stuart. I've heard nothing! You understand? I know nothing of what's in front of me. It may be the whole Federal Army!

36 EXT. UNION LINE - SEMINARY RIDGE - SAME TIME - DAY 36

On the battlefield, the tempo and volume of FIRE has increased. Buford and Reynolds still ride together. The Bucktoothed Lieutenant comes riding up urgently, calling out. Reynolds rides forward to issue commands to an artillery battery, as Buford turns to the new arrival.

BUCKTOOTHED LIEUTENANT
Sir, Rebel troops coming down the road from the north! Your instructions, sir?

BUFORD
Ride over to Major Devin. Tell him to get up that way as fast as he can. Then get back and hold as long as you can. Help's coming!

The Bucktoothed Lieutenant salutes, strikes spurs and is gone. Buford turns back – pulls up short:

HIS POV - REYNOLDS' HORSE

The saddle is empty; Reynolds lies on the ground with a couple of Union soldiers rushing to his side:

BACK TO SCENE

Swearing, Buford spurs his mount to Reynolds, jumps down and kneels by his side. Blood is soaking the ground beneath his head.

YOUNG SOLDIER
(distracted)
My god – it was a sniper – Oh my God–

AN AIDE
He's dead.

Buford turns to a stunned CAPTAIN, one of Reynolds' aides.

BUFORD
General Doubleday's second in command?

CAPTAIN
Yes, sir. He's back with the Eleventh.

BUFORD
Send to notify him of what happened here. You will hold this line until Doubleday arrives.

(MORE)

BUFORD (CONT'D)
You tell him Ewell's coming down from the north. I'm going that way to meet him. And try like hell to hold the flank.

But the Captain still looks pole-axed.

BUFORD
Orders, Captain. Move!

CAPTAIN
Sir!

The Captain springs into the saddle and spurs off. Buford mounts, starts to wheel his horse, then pauses to look back.

HIS POV - REYNOLDS

Lying dead on the ground, the confused troops milling around him.

BACK TO BUFORD

TIGHT on his grim, stricken face: Damn!

And then he kicks his mount's flanks, and gallops off.

37 EXT. CONFEDERATE LINES - DAY 37

The SOUNDS of battle to the north have intensified... A Confederate COURIER rides up at a gallop; reins up in front of Lee, and snaps a salute.

COURIER
General Lee, sir - General Rodes sends his compliments and reports he has joined the engagement with his entire division and is attacking the Union right-

LEE
What's happening up there, Major?

COURIER
General Rodes is pushing back Yankee Cavalry - Buford's brigades. He begs to inform you that General Early is behind him and will be on the field within the hour. Do you have any instruction, sir.

All this does little to comfort Lee.

LEE
General Early may be attacked by half the Union Army in half an hour!

He turns away... but now to the left heavy batteries of artillery are opening up. Lee turns to Heth.

LEE
That's Pender's artillery?

HETH
Yes, sir. He's up now, General. Four batteries in position, with two more in reserve.

Things are starting to happen quickly now, and we can almost see Lee's blood start to rise.

HETH
(quickly)
Sir, with General Rodes attacking up there, and Pender and I – we have three divisions, sir – we could sweep 'em.

Lee continues to study the field, torn. Up comes Taylor on a lathered mount.

TAYLOR
General, sir – I saw only two Federal corps. First and Eleventh! And General, I saw Early's lead columns coming down north of Rodes' lines! He'll be engaged any minute!

HETH
(almost pleading)
General, we've got twenty thousand infantry coming down almost <u>behind</u> the Union lines! It's perfect, sir!

A beat... Lee closes his eyes for a moment, murmurs:

LEE
God's will...

Then he turns to the others – they stare back at him.

LEE
Gentlemen, it would seem the fight is already on... General, you may attack! My orders to all commanders: <u>Attack</u>!

Heth whoops, wheels his mount and gallops off. HOLD Lee a long beat, and then DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

38 EXT. BALTIMORE PIKE - AFTERNOON 38

Chamberlain's column. Tom Chamberlain is chatting to one of the Fellows of the 2nd Maine.

TOM
One of the things you get to know is that this here brigade has got its own special bugle call. Ever hear tell of Dan Butterfield?

2ND MAINE MAN
General Butterfield, what was with Hooker, that one?

TOM
Right, that's the same fellah. He used to be our Brigade Commander.

2ND MAINE MAN
They say he was a pistol. No man like him for havin' a good time.

TOM
Well, I dunno about that. But he liked to write Bugle Calls. This army has too many bugle calls, call for artillery, infantry, get up and eat, retreat - anyway, old Dan Butterfield wrote a call for this here brigade. If there is an order for this brigade, you and me, well, somebody else will be blowin' his damn bugle and we'd think it was for us only it wasn't, well, we'd follow the order anyway, and the next thing you know we'd be in trouble.

2ND MAINE MAN
That happened to me once. Us, that is. Half the regiment charged and the other half retreated. You had your choice.

TOM
Well, in this brigade we got a special call. You hear that call, you know the next call is for you. Goes like this...
(he hums bugle tune)
...recalls a Dan Butterfield - you see - just like this - Dan Dan Dan Butterfield-

2ND MAINE MAN
Hmm. In the middle of a fight I'm supposed to remember that?

TOM
Oh, it's easy to remember – Dan Dan Butterfield Butterfield – Old Butterfield wrote a lot of bugle calls. You know Butterfield's lullaby?

2ND MAINE MAN
Butterfield's what?

All this while, Chamberlain has been marching and is looking up the road while Tom hums a few bars of what is known as "Butterfield's Lullaby," but which the army would later know as "TAPS".

KILRAIN
Colonel, sir! Begging the Colonel's pardon, but would the Colonel do us all a favor and get back on the damned horse?

Chamberlain is dusty and bleary eyed.

KILRAIN
I tell you, sir, it would be a damn sight easier handling the new recruits if the officers would act like they got sense, sir.

Chamberlain realizes he's getting a little groggy.

CHAMBERLAIN
Oh, okay.

KILRAIN
(as Chamberlain mounts)
We don't need any more new commanding officers.
(turns to Tom)
Here, you Lieutenant, keep an eye on the Colonel.

TOM
(stepping up)
Joshua, sir. We gone more'n twenty miles again. We gone a hunnerd miles in five days.

A couple of Riders come down the road, rushing by on lathered horses, towards the rear.

VOICES
Make way, make way. We got to get back, get back.

CHAMBERLAIN
What's goin' on?

TOM
Darned if I know.

A moment later, a bugle call is sounded.

CHAMBERLAIN
Now what the heck does that mean?

He looks up and there is a Courier coming the other way, from headquarters to him, at the front of the line.

VINCENT'S COURIER
(saluting)
Sir, I have information from Colonel Vincent, sir. He says move as fast as you can, there is trouble up ahead.

CHAMBERLAIN
What's goin' on? What's happenin'?

VINCENT'S COURIER
Two corps have engaged at Gettysburg. Colonel Vincent says you're at the head and to advance as fast as you can.

Tozier has moved up next to the Courier. Chamberlain looks at Tozier, then salutes the Courier, dismissing him. The Courier whirls and rides off.

The BUGLE blows again. By the roadway, there are people along the fences, some waving flags. Chamberlain starts to go back along the edge of the Maine Men, looking around to see how they are doing. He sees one stagger and fall out, and another collapses in the clatter of a falling rifle and mess kit.

CHAMBERLAIN
Tozier, get out a detail to pick up fallen men. Have them follow us. The rest, move out as fast as we can.

Riding toward Chamberlain is COLONEL STRONG VINCENT, a young, tough-looking fellow, calm and rather quiet.

VINCENT
Colonel Chamberlain! You're the professor from Bowdon, aren't you, the fellah who used to teach back there?

CHAMBERLAIN
Yes, sir, that's right.

VINCENT
(smiles)
I'm a Harvard man myself. Listen, Colonel Chamberlain – move along as best you can. We're gonna go right through dark and keep on until we get to Gettysburg.

CHAMBERLAIN
Yes, sir.

VINCENT
Good luck.

Vincent turns and rides off. There is a COURIER coming down the road. Chamberlain yells at him.

CHAMBERLAIN
How far is it to Gettysburg?

COURIER
Colonel, no one seems to know.

Chamberlain turns, yells back to the company.

CHAMBERLAIN
It's not far ahead, boys. Not far now.

39 EXT. CONFEDERATE POSITIONS - LATER - DAY 39

The attack is in front of Lee about half a mile away. Fragments splinter through the air. A tree limb shatters. Lee sees a dead horse, then off to the left the field hospital – a lot of guys lying on the ground with people working on them. He turns and heads back towards the center of the road. All he can see ahead are trees and his own troops up front, firing. Taylor rides up.

TAYLOR
The Yankees are fighting rather well.

VOICE (O.S.)
They're running. Great God Almighty. They're running.

Lee hears a series of YELLS. A bunch of his own men are beginning to run forward, and Lee sees a LIEUTENANT on the road, pointing back towards the smoke, yelling.

LIEUTENANT
They're running.

Lee rides forward with Taylor following. Officers are waving their hats and grinning.

LEE
(to himself)
Victory?

And then a rider comes across the road, a YOUNG MAN with a marvelously wide moustache.

PENDER'S COURIER
General Pender begs to report the enemy is falling back, sir. They're on the run.

The Courier from Early comes up.

EARLY'S COURIER
Sir. General Early says on the left flank they have all caved in and they are heading back towards Gettysburg. They are all running.

The smoke clears for a second and Lee sees that high hill behind Gettysburg.

LEE
(to an aide)
Find General Hill's Chief of Artillery, tell him I want fire placed on that hill — as much fire as possible.

THE AIDE
Yes sir.
(he salutes and gallops off)

Lee rides across a small wooden bridge over a stream. In the distance he can SEE the seminary with the cupola and that hill beyond.

LEE
(to Taylor)
I want you to deliver this message in person. Tell General Ewell the Federal Troops are retreating in confusion. It is only necessary to push those people to get possession of those heights. You understand what I mean.
(points at the hill. Taylor nods, excited)
I want him to take that hill, the one beyond the town.

Taylor immediately rides off.

40 EXT. WILLOUGHBY RUN - DAY 40

There is CHEERING, and coming up the road from the rear is Longstreet; Marshall with him.

LONGSTREET
Congratulations, General.

LEE
(motions to Longstreet)
I want you to see this.

AN OFFICER
General Lee, this is as good as Second Manassas all over again.

Lee is happier now that Longstreet is here, and he is pointing towards the hill in the distance.

LEE
It couldn't have worked better if we'd planned it. The only thing I want done now, if we can take that hill, is have it occupied by nightfall.

The cannon ceases off to the left, and it's quieting down.

ANOTHER OFFICER
Sir, the Union Army has fallen back through Gettysburg. They are reassembling on the ridges beyond the town.

LONGSTREET
This is almost perfect.
(MORE)

LONGSTREET (CONT'D)
They're right where we want 'em. All we have to do is swing to the south and east down the road, and get between them and Lincoln and find some good high ground, and they'll have to hit us, they'll have to. And we'll have them, General, we'll have them.

LEE
(kind of startled)
You mean disengage right now?

LONGSTREET
Sir, I've been under the impression it would be our strategy to conduct a defensive campaign wherever possible in order to keep this army intact.

LEE
Granted, but the situation has changed.

LONGSTREET
In what way?

LEE
We've already pushed them back. They're on the run, vacating the town... How can we move off to the South and East in the face of the enemy?

LONGSTREET
Very simply. We move around to the right. Let them come after us. He will occupy those heights and wait to see what we are going to do. Meade is new to command. He will not move quickly.

LEE
I ordered firing on that hill, but no cannon are firing.
(to Marshall)
Send over and find out why.

Marshall spurs off at a gallop. Lee turns and sees Longstreet watching him, concerned.

LEE
What are you thinking, General?

LONGSTREET
Well – we shouldn't have attacked here, sir?

LEE
(waves a hand)
I know that, but we prevailed. The soldiers prevailed.

LONGSTREET
Yes, sir, they've never let us down. But in the morning, we will be outnumbered, and they will be up on the high ground.

Lee shakes his head.

LEE
If I have ever paid attention to numbers, General–

LONGSTREET
Fine, sir, we pushed 'em. Now if we move south towards Washington, they'll have to pursue us. We could fight the rest of it on ground of our own choosing.

LEE
The enemy is here. We did not want the fight but the fight is here. What if I asked the army to retreat?

LONGSTREET
Not retreat, sir. Move. Redeploy.

Lee shakes his head again. He is getting weary. Lee points towards the hill.

LEE
Our guns will move them off that hill, or Ewell will push them off, but if Meade is there tomorrow, I cannot move this army away. I will attack him.

LONGSTREET
General, if Meade is still there in the morning, it is because he wants to be attacked there.
(adds slowly)
We pushed back two corps. There are five more coming.

Lee nods. It is very quiet now. Most of the fighting is done.

LONGSTREET
(senses the conversation is at an end)
I'll bring my boys up as soon as I can.

LEE
(suddenly)
General.

LONGSTREET
Sir?

LEE
Your spy, your scout, Harrison was correct. Had it not been for that report this army might have been destroyed in detail, it might have been that the whole Union Army would have been here at the time we turned around. I thank you.

Longstreet salutes, doesn't say a word, doesn't show anything, and then rides off. Lee turns and brings up the binoculars.

41 EXT. FIELD - DUSK 41

Joshua Chamberlain wanders around through his regiment which is sitting in an open field. Small fires are here and there as men heat coffee and grub. They are totally bushed. Chamberlain looks off and sees Bucklin, the fellow from the 2nd Maine. He is sitting down with three or four men, also from the 2nd Maine. Chamberlain nods. Bucklin and the others acknowledge the greeting.

42 EXT. FIELD - DUSK 42

Chamberlain sees a group of MEN, unarmed, no rifles visible, and apparently they are Southern prisoners. As they stop by the side of the road, some of Chamberlain's own regiment begin drifting over that way to talk with them, including Tom.

TOM
Hi fellas. What outfit you with?

REBEL PRISONER
Archer's Brigade, Heth's division.

TOM
Where you from?

REBEL
Tennessee. How 'bout you?

TOM
Maine. I never been to Tennessee.

REBEL
I reckin' I never been to Maine neither.

TOM
I don't mean no disrespect to you fightin' men, but... sometimes I can't figure why you're fightin' this war.

REBEL
Why you fightin' it?

TOM
Why, to free the slaves, of course, and to preserve the Union.

REBEL
Well, I don't know about some other folk, but I ain't fightin' for no darkies, one way or the other. I'm fightin' for my rats. All of us here, that's what we're fightin' for.

TOM
For your what?

REBEL
For our rats. Why is it you fellas can't just live the way you like and leave us to live the way we do? Live and let live I heard some people say. Be a might less fuss and bother if more folks took it to heart.

TOM
Where'd you get captured?

REBEL
In a railroad cut just west of Gettysburg town. It was not a pretty sight. Many a good boy lost a young and promising life. Some wore blue and some wore gray. Have you seen enough of this war?

TOM
I guess I have.

REBEL
I guess I have too. And I guess I'll be settin' out the rest of it.

TOM
I appreciate your talking with me.

REBEL
(smiling)
See you in hell Billy Yank.

TOM
See you in hell Johnny Reb.

43 EXT. FIELD - DUSK 43

A few yards away.

KILRAIN
(to Chamberlain)
Sir, I have found me a John Henry.

CHAMBERLAIN
John who?

KILRAIN
A John Henry, sir. He's over thataway.
(Kilrain points)
I heard him a-groanin'. Would the Colonel care to see him?

CHAMBERLAIN
Lead on.

44 EXT. CEMETERY - DUSK 44

They walk down the grassy slope away from the road. Chamberlain sees TWO MEN standing on a rock ledge — men of the regiment — and Kilrain springs up on the rock. The two Men touch their caps, say "good evening" and point to a BLACK MAN in the shadow between two round rocks. He is dusty, with dark, ragged pants around his legs; there are no sleeves on his shirt. His right arm is across his belly. One of the SOLDIERS is bending over him with a tin cup of coffee and the black man takes a drink. The whites of his eyes are red-stained, and he looks not well.

CHAMBERLAIN
Is he wounded?

KILRAIN
Don't know for sure.

Chamberlain kneels as the Soldiers get out of the way.

CHAMBERLAIN
(looking at him)
The man is exhausted.

SOLDIER
We'll get him something to eat. The surgeon's on the way.

KILRAIN
He sure is black, and that's a fact.

CHAMBERLAIN
You get his name?

The black man is looking at them with half-closed eyes. We know he's not listening.

KILRAIN
He said something I couldn't understand. Hell, Colonel, I can't understand anyone from south of Mason-Dixon, Rebs or darkies.

The black man drinks more of the coffee, puts out both hands with the cup.

RUNAWAY
Thanks, Boss. Thanks.

Chamberlain reaches out and offers his hand, which the runaway takes. A bunch of soldiers have now begun to gather – the word has spread – and they are looking. The man is pulled up on one elbow. He's desperate and scared. One of the fellows has brought some hardtack and bacon. He has trouble eating.

SOLDIER #1
Poor bastard.

SOLDIER #2
Hey, Sarge, how much you figure this one's worth, this one, on the hoof?

SOLDIER #3
Funny, very funny, but they'd give a thousand dollars for him I'd bet, nine hundred for sure.

SOLDIER #4
Really, hell. Why don't we sell him back and buy outta this army?

CHAMBERLAIN
All right you men, as you were.
(they begin to disperse)

The surgeon, WORMY NOLAN, has arrived, attending to the runaway.

Chamberlain looks out across the field. Those who haven't gone over to the runaway are either sleeping or writing letters – some have staked their rifles bayonet-first into the ground and rigged tent cloth for cover. One man has built a fire. At that moment there is a distant cannon thump. Then dead silence. They both look towards the west, towards a beautiful sunset.

CHAMBERLAIN
(philosophically)
We used to have visitors from the south before the War, and it was always very polite, academic you understand – We stayed off the question of slavery, out of courtesy. But towards the end there was no staying away from it and yet I never could understand. I don't now. I don't know why... they fight so well...Buster, tell me somethin'. Whatta ya think of negroes?

KILRAIN
Well, if y'mean the race, I don't really know. I have reservations, I will admit, as many a man does, as you well know. This is not a thing to be ashamed of, but the thing is you cannot judge a race. Any man who judges by the group is a pee wit. Y'take men one at a time.

CHAMBERLAIN
To me there was never any difference.

KILRAIN
None at all?

CHAMBERLAIN
None at all. Of course, I haven't known that many freedmen, but those I knew in Bangor, in Portland, well...
(MORE)

CHAMBERLAIN (CONT'D)
...you looked in the eye and there was a man, there was a divine spark, as my mother used to call it. That is all there is to it. Races are men.

Kilrain nods, but does not say anything.

CHAMBERLAIN
What a piece of work is man... How infinite in faculties... in form and moving, how express and admirable... in action, how like an angel...

KILRAIN
Well, if he's an angel all right then, he damn well must be a murderin' one. Colonel, darlin' — you're a lovely man.
(shakes his head)
I see a vast — a great difference between us, and yet I admire y', lad. You're an idealist — praise be.
(rubs his nose sort of embarrassed)
The truth is, Colonel, there's no divine spark. There's many a man alive no more of value than a dead dog. Believe me. When you've seen 'em hang each other the way I have back in the old country... Equality? What I'm fightin' for is the right to prove I'm a better man than many of 'em. Where have y' seen the Divine Spark in operation, Colonel? Where have you noted this magnificent equality? No two things on earth are equal or have an equal chance. Not a leaf, not a tree. There's many a man worse than me, and some better. But I don't think race or country matters a damn. What matters, Colonel, is justice. Which is why I'm here. I'll be treated as I deserve, not as my father deserved. I'm Kilrain, and I damn all gentlemen. There is only one aristocracy and that is right here.
(he taps his head)
And that's why we gotta win this war.

45 EXT. CONFEDERATE CAMPFIRE - NIGHT 45

Yells and hurrahs and soldiers riding into the firelight. Most notable right at the front is the long-haired GEORGE PICKETT, and right behind him ARMISTEAD, GARNETT, and KEMPER —

his brigade commanders. They sight Longstreet and start towards him. Foreign observers and reporters have also clustered around, including ARTHUR LYON FREMANTLE, a British officer. Pickett salutes Longstreet.

PICKETT
General Pickett presents his compliments, sir, and requests permission to parlay with the Commanding General, si'l vous plait.

LONGSTREET
Howdy, George.

Pickett and the others dismount. Armistead says hello, touching his cap, followed by Dick Garnett, who does not look well. He is in pain, and when he gets off his horse, limps.

LONGSTREET
(sniffs)
Good Lord, George. What's that smell?

PICKETT
That's me. Ain't it lovely?

ARMISTEAD
He got it off a dead Frenchman. Evenin', Pete.

PICKETT
I did not either get it off a dead Frenchman. I bought it in a store in Richmond, with Sally. It did have a French name, now that I think of it, but Sally likes it.

LONGSTREET
How ya doin', Dick?

GARNETT
Fine, General, just fine.

LONGSTREET
Sorry I had to assign you to old smelly George here, but I heard you have a strong stomach.

GARNETT
(seriously)
General, you must know how much I appreciate this opportunity to be back in action, sir.

LONGSTREET
Let it go, Dick. I consider it a damn good piece of luck for me to have a man like you available for this command.

Longstreet sees Pickett regarding Fremantle off to the side with curiosity.

LONGSTREET
Colonel Fremantle.

FREMANTLE
(steps forward)
Sah!

LONGSTREET
Allow me to present Major General George Pickett. General Pickett, Colonel Fremantle, of Her Majesty's Cold Stream Guards. Britain's military attaché to the Confederacy. The eyes and ears of Queen Victoria.

FREMANTLE
Oh, hardly sir. Just an observer and your humble guest.

Pickett gets very formal with his Virginia manners and accent. He bows low with his hat sweeping the ground.

PICKETT
Sir, the fame of your regiment has preceded you. Colonel! Allow me to introduce my commanders. Each of these chaps, as you say, commands a brigade of mine. This fellow here is Lo Armistead. Lo, you see, is short for Lothario, the lover.
(that's another joke)
Number two here is Richard Brooke Garnett.

Garnett bows and sticks out a hand. Fremantle, who is still awkward with the American custom of shaking, takes the hand. Kemper steps up.

PICKETT
Jim Kemper. Note the shifty eye, the hand in the pocket.
(MORE)

PICKETT (CONT'D)
This one is not even a West Pointer, so watch him. He's a politician from Virginia. He's only here for the vote.

Kemper brusquely shakes Fremantle's hand.

KEMPER
I was speaker of the house in Virginia. Matter of fact, Colonel, I want to talk to you about a few political things. You know the Queen, right? Well, I been wonderin', and I have to explain to my folks, when are you people gonna get out and break that damn Yankee blockade out on the water, how about that?

ARMISTEAD
(quickly)
Time for a drink.

Fremantle is grinning, taking nothing serious. Pickett takes Longstreet aside.

PICKETT
General, a few words, sir.

LONGSTREET
Sure, George. C'mon.

They back off a way, leaving Fremantle with Kemper and Garnett.

FREMANTLE
I must confess I'm rather curious about General Longstreet. Never seems to, ah, fraternize much, does he? Almost dour, one would have to suggest.

KEMPER
Count your self lucky, Colonel. Ol' Pete's about the best poker player in this army.

GARNETT
Was a time you'd have to fight to keep him out of a game. But, well, Colonel — fever hit Richmond last winter, right at Christmas, it was. The General lost all three of his children to it. Oldest was ten. Hasn't been quite the same since.

46 EXT. NEAR THE CAMPFIRE - NIGHT 46

PICKETT
Well you're lookin' fine, sir.

LONGSTREET
You look lovely, too, George.

PICKETT
Sir, no reflection on you, but – well, you know my division, my Virginia boys, we haven't seen any action in a long time. I mean, we weren't all that engaged at Fredricksburg, and then we missed Chancellorsville altogether, and now they've taken two of my brigades, sent them off to guard Richmond. Richmond, of all places.
(gets steadily more excited)
And now – General, now do you know where I've been placed in the line of march? Last, sir. That's where I am. Exactly, last. I bring up the damn rear. Beg pardon.

Longstreet sighs.

PICKETT
Well, sir, my boys are beginning to get disturbed at this attitude towards them as fighting men. My boys...

LONGSTREET
George!

PICKETT
Sir? Oh, I don't mean to imply you, sir. Not you. Hell, no. I just mean – well – the bureaucrats. I was hopin' – could you talk to somebody about this arrangement of troops?

LONGSTREET
George, would you like me to move the whole army out of the way so you can go first?

PICKETT
(blinks a bit)
Well, sir, now, come to think of it–

LONGSTREET
Look, George, there's no plot. It's just the way things fell out. Hell, look at it this way. If the army has to turn round and fight its way back, you'll be first in line.

PICKETT
Well, I suppose... that is possible, isn't it? Yeah. But – well, you understand, sir. No offense intended. Well–
(kind of sadly)
The whole damn war could be over soon after one more bout, and my boys, my Virginians, will have missed most of it.

LONGSTREET
How far back are they?

PICKETT
A good day's hard marching...

Armistead has come over.

LONGSTREET
I know I can count on you George, when the time comes. And it'll come, it'll come.

ARMISTEAD
(interrupts)
Sorry to butt in but they're calling for George at the poker table.
(grins)
Your fame, sir, has preceded you.

Pickett starts to put on his gloves.

PICKETT
Well, cheerio, fellows.

And he hops off, Armistead calling after him.

ARMISTEAD
I hope you brought your money with you.

He looks back at Longstreet.

They both grin.

ARMISTEAD
Yeh. Well, I gather that George was trying to get us up front where we could get shot at.

Longstreet sits down, his back against a tree. Armistead sits next to him, creaking his way down.

ARMISTEAD
Well, uh—
(puts his hand on his knee)
If you got to do all this damn marchin' at my age, there ought to be some action somewhere, although—
(he holds up his hand quickly)
I don't complain. I don't complain.
(he wobbles his knee back and forth)
I'm getting a bit rickety. Oh, hey. One thing I did want to ask you. Have you heard about Old Winfield? Old Winnie Boy.

LONGSTREET
Hancock? Oh yeah.

ARMISTEAD
Well, how's he doing?

LONGSTREET
You're gonna find out.

ARMISTEAD
Huh?

LONGSTREET
He's got the Second Corps. He's headed this way. We should run into him one of these days.

ARMISTEAD
Wish I could see him, somehow. I haven't seen him since before the war.
(pauses; dead silence)
Never thought it would last this long.

LONGSTREET
Me neither.

ARMISTEAD
(absently)
You know I sure would like to talk to Old Win again one more time.

LONGSTREET
Why not?

ARMISTEAD
You wouldn't mind?

LONGSTREET
Hell, no.

ARMISTEAD
Really? I mean, Pete, do you think it would be proper, I mean, ethical?

LONGSTREET
When the time comes, and he's close, just send a messenger under a flag of truce and go on over. Nothing to it.

ARMISTEAD
Last time I saw him was California, when the war was beginning, night before we left to go to war against each other. Old friends, off to war. We had a party.

LONGSTREET
How's your division?

ARMISTEAD
Hunh. I never saw troops anywhere so ready for a brawl. I give the old man a lot of credit. Who else could have held this army together so long?... Remember what they said when he took command? Called him Old Granny. Man, what damn fools we are. The boys hush when he passes, like an angel of the Lord. You ever see anything like it?

LONGSTREET
No. It's amazing what one honest man can do.

ARMISTEAD
One honest man and a cause.

LONGSTREET
Oh, I don't think much on that anymore. I guess the only cause I have is victory. The war comes as a nightmare and you choose your nightmare side. Then you put your head down and win it.

ARMISTEAD
Old gloomy Pete.

LONGSTREET
Well Lo, we're dying one at a time and there aren't enough of us and we die just as dead as anybody, and a boy from back home ain't a better soldier than a boy from Minnesota just because he's from back home.

ARMISTEAD
Of course I know that. But then, on the other hand...
(he smiles a sly smile)
We sure do whip them, now don't we Pete?

Longstreet smiles in spite of himself, but not for long.

ARMISTEAD
(continuing)
Another thing, Pete, long as the subject is up. I've been thinking on your theories of defensive war... Pete, this just ain't the army for it. And the Old Man. Lord, if ever there was a man not suited for trenches and slow, dull defense, it's old R.E. Lee... I'll bet you right now he can't wait to get them out in the open where he can hit them face to face. And I've got to tell you, every soldier in this army feels the same way, and it's one of the main reasons why the morale here is so good and the Union morale is so bad. And isn't that a fact?

LONGSTREET
It takes more than blood and guts to win a war. Times have changed. The weapons have changed.

ARMISTEAD
Truth is Peter, that you are by nature the stubbornest human being...
(MORE)

ARMISTEAD (CONT'D)
..nor mule either, nor even Army mule, that I personally have ever known, or ever hope to know, and my hat is off to you for it, because you are also the best damn defensive soldier I ever saw, by miles and miles. And that's a fact.

47 EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT 47

There is a SHOUT of joy at the poker game. Pickett throws a flock of cards into the air. Kemper is addressing Fremantle.

KEMPER
Government derives its power from the consent of the governed. Every government, everywhere. And sir, let me make this plain: We do not consent. We will never consent. You must tell them in your parliament, and make it plain, that what we are fighting for is our freedom from the rule of what to us is a foreign government. That's all we want and that's what this war is about. We established this country in the first place with strong state governments just for that reason, to avoid a central tyranny. Alright, I'll put it to ya. My home is Virginia. The government of my home is home. Virginia wouldn't let itself be ruled by a King from London and it won't be ruled by a President from Washington. Virginia will be run, by God, by Virginia.

Some of the Corps hear this, and start to CHEER.

ARMISTEAD
(to Longstreet)
Oh boy, the Cause.

KEMPER
Simply for the Yankees, those damn money grubbin' Yankees. Damn fools! They never get the message. They're thinkin' about nothin' but darkies. Always the darkies.

As Longstreet comes up, people begin to quiet. Pickett goes right on chatting, in a social sort of way.

PICKETT
Actually, I think my idea of the club is fair enough – clean enough – just like a gentleman's club. Sir–
(to Fremantle)
Think on it. If we all joined a club, a gentleman's club, and then several members started intruding into our private lives, our life at home, and telling us what we had to do, why then, of course, wouldn't any man have the right to resign, eh, I mean resign? That's what we did. That's what I did, and now you see they tell us we don't have the right to resign.

There are bemused chuckles around the fire.

KEMPER
Got to hand it to you, George. You sure have a talent for trivializing the momentous and complicating the obvious. You should run for congress.

ARMISTEAD
(to Kemper)
What does Fremantle say? Will the British come in on our side?

KEMPER
Sure, they'll come in, when we don't need them anymore, like a bank offering money when you're no longer in debt.

LONGSTREET
(comes up)
George!
(looks at him)
Say good night.

Amid laughter Pickett turns and hollers a good night. Longstreet takes Pickett by his arm.

LONGSTREET
I think some time in the next few days, there's gonna be a helluva fight. I want you to do everything necessary to get your boys ready. Start bringing them up with first light. I want them in Gettysburg by tomorrow night... Good night, George.

48 EXT. CEMETERY HILL - SAME TIME - NIGHT 48

John Buford rides up through troops desperately digging in, and shadowy, horse-drawn artillery caissons being placed, to a small farmhouse bustling with blue uniforms. He reins up and wearily dismounts. One of the headquarters staff disengages from others and crosses to greet him — This is John GIBBON, of Hancock's Second Corps.

GIBBON
Buford, how ya doin'? Surprised you found headquarters, all the confusion.

BUFORD
Comanch saying — "Follow smell of cigars, find fat men." How are you, Gib? Hancock here?

GIBBON
Inside. He's something, John. It was a rout 'til he came up with orders from General Meade. He just ignored Howard, stiffened things up all around. General Howard's nose is still out of joint, but Win saved the high ground for us.

BUFORD
Thank God for that.

49 INT. MEADE'S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT 49

The handsome figure of General Winfield Scott HANCOCK is surrounded by aides in the smoky room. He glances up to see the battle-fatigued figure of Buford. Hancock crosses to meet him:

HANCOCK
How are you, John.

BUFORD
I'm all right, sir. But my brigades are pretty shot up. I need to get refitted.

HANCOCK
Right. I'll see to it. We know what you did this morning. It was a hell of a piece of soldiering.

BUFORD
Thank you, sir.

HANCOCK
Heard you were with John Reynolds when he was killed.

Buford nods.

HANCOCK
I'm sending the body back to his family in Lancaster. They might appreciate a note from you.

Buford nods.

HANCOCK
He was a soldier. And a good friend. Three of us – John, Lo Armistead and I came up together. Mexican War. California – Stayed close.

He shakes his head.

HANCOCK
I wonder how ol' Lo is doing. If he's still alive–

BUFORD
I saw some captured Reb rosters a couple of weeks ago. He's got one of Pickett's brigades, under Longstreet.

HANCOCK
Remarkable – Just across the ridge, eh?
(shakes his head)
Like to see him again... but not here – not like this. Well, maybe after the war, eh?

BUFORD
(nods)
Where do you want me in the morning, Win?

HANCOCK
I want you to take your brigades back and guard the wagons. Rest up, if you can–

BUFORD
(frowns)
The wagons–

HANCOCK
Jeb Stuart's still on the prowl out there somewhere.

Just then from without there's a discordant BUGLE CALL, commotion, and a new arrival.

49A EXT. MEADE'S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT 49A

General MEADE rides up, followed by even more aides. Hancock exits the farmhouse with Buford and crosses to greet Meade.

HANCOCK
General Meade, sir—

MEADE
Hancock — So damned dark out here I can't see a thing. Well, I hope to Christ this is good ground, General. Is this good ground? Is this a place to have an army?

HANCOCK
Very good ground, General. Very good ground.

MEADE
Well, by God, it better be, because we're gonna have a fight here sure enough in the morning!

He dismounts as Buford drifts into the darkness, peering west...

49B EXT. CONFEDERATE CAMPFIRES - NIGHT 49B

POV

...toward the hundred distant campfires of the Confederate Army.

OMIT 50

51 INT. LEE'S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT 51

Lee is seated, Taylor and Marshall with him.

LEE
(to Marshall)
I want a raiding party to spread out and find General Stuart's cavalry.

MARSHALL
Yes, sir, right away.
(he leaves)

TAYLOR
General Trimble is waiting to see you.
(Lee nods)

ISAAC R. TRIMBLE, 61, a major general, is lead in and Taylor leaves. Lee smiles a greeting. Trimble is mad as hell.

TRIMBLE
Sir, I beg your pardon, but I will not serve the man. I most respectfully request another assignment.
(shakes his head violently)
The man is a disgrace. Have you heard at all, sir, what they've been telling you? Ask the Aides, sir – General Gordon – General Johnson – ask them. We shoulda taken that hill. God in his wisdom knows we could have taken it. There was no one there, no one there at all, and it commanded the town. Gordon saw it, sir, he was with us. Me and Gordon and Ewell all standing there in the dark like fat great idiots with that bloody damned hill EMPTY – beg your pardon, General. But that bloody damned hill was as bare as his bloody damned head. We all saw it, General, as God is my witness. Ask anyone. They were all there. I said, General Ewell, we have got to take that hill. General Jackson would not have stopped like this, with the blue-bellies on the run and plenty of light left and a hill like that empty – oh God help us – I don't know why I–

He runs out of breath for a second, but Lee is watching him.

LEE
Go on!

TRIMBLE
(looks up and calms himself a bit)
Yes, sir.
(now he is going to be serious)
Sir? I said to him, these words, "General Ewell," I said to him, "Sir, give me one <u>division</u> and I will take that hill." And he said nothing at all. He stood there. He stared at me.
(MORE)

TRIMBLE (CONT'D)
I said, "General Ewell, give me one brigade and I will take that hill." I was becoming disturbed, sir. And General Ewell put his arms behind him and blinked. So I said, "General, give me one regiment and I will take that hill." And he said nothing. He just stood there. I threw down my sword.

Trimble gestures helplessly with his hands, close to tears.

TRIMBLE
Down on the ground in front of him.
(he raises both arms)
We coulda done it, sir. A blind man shoulda seen it. Now they're working up there. You can hear the axes of Union Troops, and so, in the morning, many a good boy will die taking that hill.
(he wipes his face)
General, sir, I must request another assignment.

LEE
Thank you, General Trimble. You will be of great service. Thank you.

Trimble, exhausted, leaves as Taylor enters.

TAYLOR
Generals Ewell, Early and Rodes are here sir. Shall I bring them in?

Lee nods. And Taylor opens the door to invite General Jubal Early, General Rodes and General Ewell.

LEE
General Ewell.

Ewell is very nervous, almost manic. His voice pipes and squeaks.

EWELL
Good evening, sir. God bless you. Did you see them run? Did you see them? We whipped them again, by God. Yessir, we did—

But Lee isn't saying anything. Ewell swallows.

LEE
General Early, General Rodes.

Ad LIBBED greetings. Lee turns deliberately to Ewell.

LEE
I had hoped that after moving through the town you would take that hill.

Ewell blinks, rubs his nose, looks uneasily at both Early and Rodes.

EWELL
I didn't think it was practical, sir. We were waiting, well, for many reasons. We'd marched all day and fought and your orders were to "caution against bringing on a general engagement" — isn't that right, sir?

He shoots another uncertain look at Early, who responds calmly.

EARLY
There were reports of Federal Troops in the north, sir. We couldn't bring sufficient artillery to bear on that hill. We decided it would be best to wait for another division, Johnson's.

Ewell nods vigorously.

EWELL
Yes, yes... but Johnson didn't arrive until after dark, just a while ago. He's out there now, looking over the terrain.

Lee looks at Rodes, who says nothing. An aide comes in with a cup of coffee for Lee. He takes the cup, sips. All eyes are on him.

LEE
Can you attack on this flank in the morning?

More uncertain looks.

EARLY
That hill will be a very strong position once it's fortified. Which is what they are doing right now, sir.

LEE
(dead level)
I am very much aware of that.

That rattles Early's confidence.

EARLY
Have you looked over the ground yourself, sir?

LEE
From a distance only.

EARLY
I do not think we should attack this point. This will be the strong point. Our troops have marched hard and fought hard today. I suggest we hold here while the rest of the army attacks on the other flank.

LEE
(pressing)
Do you think an attack here would succeed?

EARLY
I think it would be very costly—

Lee's eyes go to Ewell.

EWELL
Very costly—

And then to Rodes.

LEE
General Rodes?

Rodes has been looking at the floor; he glances up.

RODES
We, ah, could attack — of course, General. But the men have had a good fight, and, ah — it will be a strong position...
(deep breath)
Sir, I'm sorry we didn't take that hill today.

A beat, then Lee looks away.

LEE
Well, today is done... General Longstreet proposes that we move our army to the right, around the enemy flank, and interpose between Meade and Washington.

Ewell's eyes bulge, he slaps his wooden leg.

EWELL
And vacate this position. Leave this town we just captured?

LEE
(angered)
The town is of no importance.

Chastened, Ewell glances toward Early.

EARLY
To move this entire corps in the face of a fortified enemy?

LEE
And yet you tell me you cannot attack in the morning... Gentlemen, if we do not withdraw, and if we do not maneuver in the face of the enemy, then we must attack. Is there any other alternative?
(then)
Thank you, gentlemen.

They leave Lee alone, except Ewell, who hesitates at the door, then turns back.

EWELL
General, I think I was too slow today, sir. I regret that very much. I was trying to be... careful. I may have been too careful.

LEE
(gently)
You won a victory, General. It was not a large victory, it might have been larger. We might have pushed harder. But it was a victory. The men fought well. This was your first day commanding a corps. It is not as easy as it sometimes appears. Now you must get some rest.

Ewell swallows, nods, turns on his heel and goes. Lee watches after him.

LEE (V.O.)
In the morning is the great battle. Tomorrow, or the next day, will determine the war. Virginia is here, all the South is here. What will you do tomorrow?

Taylor pulls a blanket out and puts it over Lee's knees, and Lee just moves without watching as Taylor tucks the blanket around him and backs away.

TAYLOR
(softly)
Night, sir.

And Taylor is gone. Lee sits there. He is thinking.

LEE (V.O.)
(with great intensity)
In the morning, the Union Army will be in a fortified position on high ground. Longstreet's corps will be coming up, and my boys will be ready to finish the job!!! If I tell them to withdraw, no – They've been patient for too long. With the enemy out there up the hill, they'll be ready to finish the job. But I don't even know how much is up there, how many cannon. I don't know the ground on the flanks. I don't know – if I wait in the morning, the early morning – maybe Meade, under pressure, will attack.
(smiles very slightly)
That would make Longstreet very happy. But I don't think Meade will come down.
(closes his eyes, he is getting tired)
And I don't think I can withdraw, so–
(pauses; strongly, because he has reached a conclusion)
God's will. Thy will be done.

OMIT 52-53

SUPER TITLE:

THURSDAY, JULY 2

THE SECOND DAY

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

54 EXT. LEE'S HEADQUARTERS, SEMINARY RIDGE - MORNING 54

Longstreet is standing over a map table. With him are several members of the staff.

SORREL
The Union position was scouted during the last couple of hours and we've drawn it up here. Now this is the situation...

He is saying this to GENERALS LAFAYETTE McLAWS, 42, and JOHN BELL HOOD, 32, of Longstreet's staff and other members of both men's headquarters, including Marshall.

SORREL
The position of the Union Army is sort of in the shape of a – well – a fishhook. It starts here. You see these two hills on the left here? Culp's Hill, and Cemetery Hill. That's where they've concentrated their troops. The hook begins there.

He points to the blue lines on top of both hills.

SORREL
It curves round and goes up this long incline, which we call Cemetery Ridge, to those two hills over there, the Round Tops. The Federals have no troops on those two hills. Hancock is in charge of the Union Center. There are perhaps 60 to 70,000 men already in position, perhaps as high as 90.

HOOD
They've been digging themselves in. I rode forward myself and saw.

At Longstreet's shoulder.

TAYLOR
Sir. General Lee wishes to speak to you.

55 EXT. LEE'S HEADQUARTERS - SEMINARY RIDGE - MORNING 55

Lee, nearby, is walking alone under the shade trees.

LONGSTREET
(coming up)
Yup!

LEE
I spoke to Ewell of your suggestion that we move around to the right to flank the Union Army. He is of the opinion that withdrawing from Gettysburg, giving it back to the enemy, would be bad for morale, is unnecessary, and might be dangerous. You disagree?

Longstreet shrugs; he doesn't say a word.

LEE
We must attack. I would rather not have done it upon this ground, but every moment we delay the enemy uses to reinforce himself. We cannot support ourselves long in this country. We cannot let him work around behind us... and cut us off from home. We must hit him <u>now</u>.

Lee says that because that's his final conclusion. They start to walk over to the map table to join the others.

LEE
We pushed him yesterday. He will remember it. The men are ready, and they are eager. I see no useful alternative.

LONGSTREET
Yes, sir.

Longstreet is thinking "he wants me to agree but I can't agree."

56 EXT. LEE'S HEADQUARTERS - SEMINARY RIDGE - MORNING 56

They reach the table. Lee indicates positions on the map.

LEE
(formally to the assembly)
Longstreet will attack on the right with the first corps. Hill will support. Heth's division will be in reserve. It had a hard day yesterday. Ewell's people on the left will demonstrate to keep the enemy from reinforcing against our right.

He looks at Longstreet.

LONGSTREET
Yes sir, but I don't have Pickett. He's up the road a full days march. I have only Hood and McLaws.

LEE
(looking to Hood and McLaws)
Hood and McLaws divisions will be adequate.

HOOD
With the General's permission.

LEE
General Hood?

Hood points down at the map to the area in front of Round Top, the little rocky hill.

HOOD
Moving in front of those rocky heights, we'll have enfilade fire coming down on us.

LEE
Not for long. Your division will be up over that unoccupied hill, little Round Top, threatening their flank. When you are heavily engaged, Ewell will take them from the left.

Lee pauses and looks around.

LONGSTREET
Let's move out, gentlemen. Sir.

He salutes Lee formally and turns; Hood at his side.

LONGSTREET
Sam, let's go to it.

Hood and Longstreet walk towards their horses, Aides holding the reins. Sorrel motions to a tin plate with a steaming slab of something carried by MAJOR MOSES.

LONGSTREET
What's that?

SORREL
Bit of steak, sir, compliments of Major Moses.

It's a thin piece of steak and Longstreet plucks it up with his fingers. Hood shrugs. He has extraordinary eyes. The eyebrows all shaggy; very dark eyes, as dark as coal.

HOOD
Well, if he's right, General Lee, then the war is over by sundown.

LONGSTREET
(nods)
We'll see. But goin' in without Pickett is like goin' in with one boot off. I'll wait as long as I can.

Hood cocks his head towards the Union lines.

HOOD
Do you have any idea of the force?

LONGSTREET
We counted five corps, and that includes the two involved in yesterday's action. That doesn't mean how many are right behind those hills, and damnit, with them up on those ridges and Stuart gone, there is no way of knowing for sure.

Hood mounts.

HOOD
With your permission, sir.

Longstreet salutes and Hood rides off, as Fremantle, in red-tunic, steps up, a thin slab of steak in hand.

FREMANTLE
(referring to the departing Hood)
Don't believe I've had the pleasure.

LONGSTREET
Oh, that's Hood. John Bell Hood. But we call him Sam, Sam Hood. He commands one of my divisions. Fellahs from Texas. You've been to Texas if I'm not mistaken?

The beef is tough, and it takes some chewing. But these men are used to it by now.

FREMANTLE
Oh yes, that's where I came through, courtesy of being blocked by the Yankee navy from any other point of entry. A marvelous place Texas – red Indians, Mexicans, cowboys, bandits and desperadoes! Even more hot and more humid than this place, if that's possible... That fellow Hood – does his behavior in battle match his appearance? He does look the soldier.

LONGSTREET
He does his job.

FREMANTLE
Most interesting army, I must say. Virginia gentlemen alongside Texas frontiersmen and Bayou bushwackers from Louisiana... drawn together from across a continent. Having traveled a good piece of it myself, one feels a part, almost a member of this – enterprise. You call yourselves Americans but you are really transplanted Englishmen. Look at the names; Lee, Hood, Longstreet, Jackson, Stuart. And the same for your adversaries – Meade, Hooker, Hancock... and shall I say, Lincoln.

Fremantle is warmed to his thesis now, and Longstreet is listening.

FREMANTLE
The same God. The same language. The same culture and history. The same songs and stories and legends and myths...

Then, with a regretful shake of his head.

FREMANTLE
...different dreams, different dreams. Oh, it's all so very sad. So very sad.

LONGSTREET
You English had your own civil war once didn't you?

FREMANTLE
Oh, but that was ages ago. Wouldn't think of it now. Cavaliers and Roundheads. Regicide. Off with his head! Off with his head! Heads lying about everywhere. Could hardly take a step without tripping over a fallen crown! We're much more civilized now, I assure you.

LONGSTREET
Y'know, if you could arrange it I really would like someday to meet the Queen.

FREMANTLE
Oh, sir, that could be arranged. It would be my utmost pleasure... you would be considered most welcome in my country. A most distinguished guest... We have so many things in common, your country and mine. I earnestly hope we shall become allies...

LONGSTREET
Your government won't ally itself with a Confederacy that still has the institution of slavery. You know it and so do I...
(an awkward pause)
...we should have freed the slaves and then fired on Fort Sumpter. Yeah, I guess we Southerners and you Englishmen do have something in common – we'd rather lose the war then admit to a mistake.

FREMANTLE
Your candor is admirable, if eccentric.

LONGSTREET
A little eccentricity is a help to a general. Southerners like their men religious and a little mad. That's why the women fall in love with preachers.

Fremantle laughs.

FREMANTLE
If I may be so bold, what's to prevent the Yankees from attacking us here? I mean, I don't see that you've bothered to entrench or construct a fortified perimeter.

Longstreet grins, finishing the last of his steak.

LONGSTREET
No. We were alert this morning, but Meade will not do us the favor. We will have to make him attack us. And to do that we will have to occupy dangerous ground between him and Washington. Then the politicians will push him to the assault, which they will most certainly do, given time.

Longstreet's aide comes up with his horse, Hero.

FREMANTLE
I see. Very clever, very clever. So Lee doesn't dig in, knowing with certainty that Meade will not attack him here. Meade will expect him to swing around to the South in an attempt to cut him off from the Capitol, his supplies and his reserves. So while Meade looks to his rear and ponders his own position for fear he will be flanked, Lee will actually attack him here, where he least suspects it, lulled as he is by his own false feeling of security derived from his holding the seemingly superior topographical battlefield position - in short, the high ground. This is brilliant, sheer military brilliance! Lee is the ultimate strategist, the master deceiver! Sir, it is exhilarating to be upon this field.

Longstreet mounts.

LONGSTREET
I'll pass along your complimentary sentiments to the general. Good morning Colonel Fremantle.

Longstreet nods to Fremantle before riding off, with a bemused expression on his face. Fremantle finishes his steak with a

feeling of great contentment at his own grasp of the military equation.

57 EXT. SEMINARY RIDGE - MORNING 57

Behind the Seminary, a long line of troops moves down the road, the first brigade of Hood's division, with Hood clearly visible. Longstreet starts to go that way. From behind he HEARS "General?" He turns.

LEE
General Longstreet, you don't mind if I accompany you?

LONGSTREET
(smiles, bows a bit)
I'm very glad to have you with us, sir.

Both Lee's and Longstreet's aides have begun to fall in behind them, and they go ahead slowly. Longstreet takes off his hat, wipes his brow.

LONGSTREET
Heat reminds me of Mexico.

LEE
Yes, but there it was very dry.

LONGSTREET
That was a good outfit. There were some very good men in that outfit.

LEE
Yes.

LONGSTREET
Some of them are up ahead now, waiting for us on those ridges.

Dead silence between the two of them, nothing but the CLINKING of the horses and the SOUNDS of marching. Lee and Longstreet go in between two companies in Hood's Division marching towards the right flank.

LONGSTREET
You know, it troubles me sometimes. Those fellows, the boys in blue, they are never quite the enemy.

LEE
I know.

It's not the right thing to say at that time, and Lee looks at Longstreet.

LONGSTREET
I used to command those boys up ahead.

Lee doesn't say a word.

LONGSTREET
Swore an oath too. I must say there are times when I'm troubled but I couldn't fight against my home, not against my own family.

LEE
Let's not think on this today.
(an uncomfortable pause)
There was a higher duty to Virginia. That was the first duty. There was never any doubt about that.

LONGSTREET
I guess not.

LEE
The issue is in God's hands. We can only do our best.

Longstreet looks at that dusty face, and they ride on for a while in silence.

LEE
Soldiering has one great trap.

Longstreet listens intently.

LEE
To be a good soldier, you must love the army. But to be a good officer, you must be willing to order the death of the thing you love. We don't fear our own death, you and I...
(he smiles slightly, glancing at Longstreet)
But there comes a time... We are never prepared for so many to die. We expect an occasional empty chair, a toast to dear departed comrades, but the war goes on and on and the men die and the price gets ever higher.
(MORE)

LEE (CONT'D)
We are prepared to lose some of us, but never all of us. That is the trap. General, you must hold nothing back when you attack. You must commit yourself totally. We are adrift in a sea of blood. I want this to be the end, the final battle.

Lee turns and stops his horse in the middle of the road.

LEE
Y'know, when I woke this morning I half thought he'd be gone, George Meade. That he wouldn't want to fight here. I woke up and I thought, yes, Meade will be gone... And the war would go on, and on, and on.

LONGSTREET
We'll make him sorry he stayed.

Lee smiles and puts out a hand. Longstreet takes it.

LEE
God go with you!

And Lee rides off.

58 EXT. FIELD - DAY 58

Chamberlain. He turns his head towards the sound of cannon.

CHAMBERLAIN
That's mostly to the west.

Next to him, Kilrain has cocked his head.

KILRAIN
I thought the Rebs were all up towards Gettysburg. You don't suppose they're flankin' again?

Chamberlain looks out over the whole regiment as it begins to stir. Some have been asleep, some are under tents pitched to get out of the sunlight. The cannon BOOM in the distance.

KILRAIN
Courier comin'.

The rider has come over the crest of the hill loping down through the tall grass. Chamberlain stands. The COURIER salutes.

COURIER
Colonel Vincent's compliments, sir. Colonel Chamberlain – you are instructed to form your regiment and prepare to move.

The Courier salutes and dashes off. Sergeant Tozier has hopped over in the meantime.

CHAMBERLAIN
Y'hear that?

TOZIER
Yes, sir.

CHAMBERLAIN
(starting to button his coat)
Sergeant, have the regiment fall in.

He can see the troops getting up all over the place. Tom is still asleep, with his mouth wide open.

CHAMBERLAIN
Mama's favorite.

He bends down and pats him on the cheek. Tom grunts and opens an eye, grunts again. Chamberlain nudges him with a foot.

TOM
Hey la– Hey, Lawrence– What's happenin'?

CHAMBERLAIN
Let's go.

TOM
Right.

He gets to his feet. ELLIS SPEAR comes up.

CHAMBERLAIN
Ellis. Bring everybody, cooks, prisoners, sick call people, everybody, understand?

SPEAR
Yessir, right – uh – I'll do that.

He's off. All the men are now in movement, with Tozier going down the line. Chamberlain buckles his belt as Kilrain brings up his horse. Up comes a YOUNG SERGEANT.

SERGEANT THOMAS
Sir, Sergeant Thomas reporting back.

CHAMBERLAIN
Thomas, you were on sick call.

SERGEANT THOMAS
Yes, sir.

CHAMBERLAIN
How are y' now?

SERGEANT THOMAS
Oh, I'm — I'm — just my stomach. I keep throwin' up.

CHAMBERLAIN
Well, you better finish up, we're movin' out in a minute.

Colonel Vincent rides up at a gallop, a couple of Aides alongside.

VINCENT
Colonel Chamberlain, form your men. I want you to follow me and prepare to double time. We're going up to the top of that hill.

CHAMBERLAIN
(to Tozier)
You got that?

TOZIER
Yes, sir. I'll get it set up.

VINCENT
The Rebs're forming on the left flank. They're all stacking up.

Chamberlain mounts his horse as Vincent starts to ride away. Chamberlain turns; motions to Kilrain and Tom.

CHAMBERLAIN
Follow me, follow me.

59 EXT. THE BATTLEFIELD, WEST OF THE ROUND TOPS - DAY 59

Longstreet is moving into a position in Hood's line, Alabamans and Texans. The men are thickly into the trees, with red pennants and rifles bristling out all over the place. A shell hits in the woods — then another — then another and the Yanks apparently know they are there. Off to the right some of the Southern cannon set in a small field begin to open up, blasting away. Longstreet can see the faces of all the troops looking at him, rifles set, the looks of men about to attack. Sorrel is at his side.

SORREL
(indicating the rocky ground ahead)
General, would you look at the ground? The artillery will not easily be able to move in support. And some of the brigades are not yet up.

LONGSTREET
What else?

SORREL
Well, the troops arriving on the field have marched through the night and they're out of water.

LONGSTREET
(to himself as much as to Sorrel)
When you study war, it's all so clear. Everybody knows all the movements. Back at the Point it was always very clear. General so and so should have done such and such. God knows we try. Now on this field, what can I do that's not been done?

Hood rides up, his mood cold and hard.

HOOD
General, looka here. The ground is strewn with boulders. The soldiers up there are dug in and their guns in the rocks. Every move I make is observed. If I attack as ordered I will lose half my division and they will still be looking down on us from that rocky hill right there. We must move to the right, sir.

Longstreet lifts his binoculars and looks up to Little Round Top.

60 LITTLE ROUND TOP - DAY 60

POV

At the top we can see a few men in Blue.

61 EXT. THE BATTLEFIELD WEST OF THE ROUND TOPS - DAY 61

LONGSTREET
(he shakes his head)
Sam, the commanding General will not approve of a move to the right. I argued it yesterday, I argued it all morning, hell, I been arguing against any attack at all. Can't call this one off and you know it.

Hood stares back for a second. He tries again.

HOOD
Let me move up the big round hill to the south. There's nobody on that. If I could get a battery up there...

LONGSTREET
There's not enough time, you'd have to cut trees to place artillery. It would be dark before you were even in action.

He turns back and motions to the Rocky Hill.

LONGSTREET
If we let them get batteries up there, we'll need buckets to catch the lead. You're gonna have to take that hill.

HOOD
They don't even need guns to defend <u>that</u>. All they need to do is roll rocks down on ya.

LONGSTREET
Just take it.

HOOD
General, I do this under protest.

LONGSTREET
Sam, you're the best I got... Now, if you're ready, sir. Why don't you go take that hill. That hill right there. That little round hill?

Hood salutes and rides off. YELLING up and down the line. Men are getting up and ready to go, loading their weapons. The cannon open up with a thunderous volley aimed at the summit of Little Round Top.

62 EXT. APPROACH TO LITTLE ROUND TOP - DAY 62

Vincent rides up behind Little Round Top, his Aides, Chamberlain, Kilrain and Tom in pursuit. Tozier sings "Double Time Hooo!" The FIRING is getting louder, and ahead of them a shell tears through the trees, smashes into a limb and hits a rock, knocking fragments in the air.

VINCENT
Ah, boys! They're overshooting again. Have you noticed with the artillery? The Rebs always overshoot, thank God.

Chamberlain turns and sees Tom dusting powder and chips of stone from his coat.

CHAMBERLAIN
Tom?

TOM
Sir.

CHAMBERLAIN
Look, another one a bit closer and it could be a hard day for Mother.

TOM
Sir?

CHAMBERLAIN
I think – you go back to the rear. Go back and watch for stragglers. Keep your distance from me.

TOM
Well, oh – oh, okay – fine.

Tom turns and heads back towards the regiment. Vincent and Chamberlain ride up Little Round Top.

63 EXT. SUMMIT LITTLE ROUND TOP - DAY 63

On the summit Vincent looks out as another shell passes close by.

VINCENT
You see that down there?

64 EXT. ROCKS BELOW LITTLE ROUND TOP - DAY 64

POV

In the distance far away hills and hazy ridges. Just below rebel troops moving in strength.

VINCENT
The whole damn Reb army is down there and coming up around our flanks. Could be here any minute. Got to hold this place. Got to hold it.

65 EXT. SLOPE LITTLE ROUND TOP - DAY 65

Vincent rides down to the left from the summit. He sees Tozier leading the 20th Maine, and waves for him to follow them. Chamberlain, Vincent and Kilrain, still some fifty yards ahead of the troops, go down through the pretty heavily wooded place on the side of the hill.

VINCENT
Well, all right. I place you <u>here</u>. Put your colors here, and set your regiment to the left of this line as far as you think it will go. The rest of the brigade will form on your right. Understand that, Colonel?

CHAMBERLAIN
Yes.
(turns to Kilrain)
Buster, you get that? <u>This</u> is the point.

Kilrain nods.

VINCENT
Now, your regiment will be here, left of this point. Colonel, you're the end of the line.

CHAMBERLAIN
Yes.

VINCENT
You're the extreme left of the Union Army. You understand?

Chamberlain nods.

VINCENT
The line runs from here all the way back to Cemetery Hill, but it ends here.

CHAMBERLAIN
Understood.

VINCENT
You cannot withdraw. Under any condition. If you go, the line is flanked, if you go they'll sweep on up over the hilltop and take us from the rear. You must defend this place to the last.

CHAMBERLAIN
Yes.

He's calm, looking around and thinking. Tozier shows up.

VINCENT
Now we'll see how professors fight.

Vincent puts out a hand. They shake, and Vincent is gone.

66 EXT. SLOPE LITTLE ROUND TOP - DAY 66

CHAMBERLAIN
Sergeant Tozier?

TOZIER
Yes, sir.

CHAMBERLAIN
Sergeant, position the regiment. All company commanders here.

TOZIER
Yes, sir.

He turns and starts bawling out orders for the 20th Maine to fall into position along a point "from here to here," etc. Chamberlain is momentarily alone.

CHAMBERLAIN
(absently)
Hold to the "last," to the "last" what...? Exercise in rhetoric. Last shell, last man, last foot of ground, last Reb...?

67 EXT. DEVIL'S DEN - DAY 67

Confederate marksmen with long-bore rifles are taking positions in the huge boulders, firing up to Little Round Top. Nearby is an overrun Federal artillery position, with guns pointed towards the west. Rebel troops move the dead and wounded Union troops away from the guns as others turn the cannon around to face Little Round Top. A knot of Texas Soldiers is near Hood as he rides up.

TEXAS SOLDIER
We're a might thirsty Gen'ral. We be gettin' any water soon?

HOOD
There's a little stream up ahead. We'll be crossing it before long.

TEXAS SOLDIER
Yeah, under fire.

HOOD
Guess we'll get to see just how thirsty you are.

68 EXT. SLOPE - LITTLE ROUND TOP - DAY 68

Men put rocks in position. Others load weapons. Cannon and musket FIRE gets louder and closer. Chamberlain stands by the flag of the 20th Maine. He addresses his twelve officers, Lieutenants and Captains.

CHAMBERLAIN
Gentlemen, the 83rd Pennsylvania, 44th New York, and 16th Michigan will be moving in to our right, but if you will look to our left, you will see there is no one there. Gentlemen, we are the end of the line. The Union Army stops here. We're the flank.
(he looks from face to face)
You understand, gentlemen, we cannot retreat, we cannot withdraw. We — are going to be stubborn today.
(MORE)

CHAMBERLAIN (CONT'D)
Put your boys in position and tell 'em to stay down. Pile up the rocks and get the best protection you can. I want one-third reserve pulled back about 20 yards. This is sloping ground, good ground. If there's any breakthrough, if you have men wounded and you have holes in the line, plug it with the reserve. Any questions?

He looks around but nobody says anything. They're all very nervous. Chamberlain looks at Spear.

CHAMBERLAIN
How are we fixed for ammunition?

SPEAR
Sir, about sixty rounds per man.

CHAMBERLAIN
That's very good. Sixty rounds. I think—
(looks at his watch)
That should be adequate. Gentlemen? Any questions?

COCKY LIEUTENANT
Colonel, it seems to me that all the fighting is on the other side of the hill.
(he points up to the top of the hill)

ANOTHER OFFICER
Yep. Seems to me that we're the back door. Everything's goin' on at the front door.

Everybody laughs. Chamberlain nods slightly.

CHAMBERLAIN
Gentlemen. That hill is steep, bare, rocky. To come straight up it is impossible. No, the Reb army will swing round. It'll come through that notch right over there.

Chamberlain points at the sloping ground between their position and Big Round Top.

CHAMBERLAIN
It'll move under cover of the trees.
It'll try to get around the flank.
Gentlemen, we are the flank.

Dead silence. They look at him and he slowly draws to attention.

CHAMBERLAIN
Gentlemen?
(looking seriously from face to face)
God go with you.

He salutes them and they salute back.

END OF PART I

THE KILLER ANGELS

PART II

FADE IN:

69 EXT. LEE'S HEADQUARTERS - SEMINARY RIDGE - DAY 69

With THUNDEROUS CANNON BARRAGES from near and afar, General Robert E. Lee trains his binoculars on the field before him... A beat, then Lee's aide, Taylor, appears at his side and Lee lowers the glasses.

TAYLOR
Sir, General Ewell sends his compliments and reports General Early and Johnson are meeting heavy resistance on those hills above the town—

LEE
I am aware of that, Major.

Taylor looks off to the Confederate right, hazards.

TAYLOR
General Ewell also asks when General Longstreet will commence—

LEE
Send to General Ewell that General Hood's division is engaged and the attack is underway on the right. Tell him that he must continue to press the matter on the left.

TAYLOR
Sir—

He goes; Lee raises his binoculars once more, training them on the right of his position—

70 EXT. LITTLE ROUND TOP - DAY 70

HIS BINOCULAR POV

Little Round Top, shrouded in white smoke from musket FIRE and EXPLODING artillery shot.

71 EXT. SLOPE - LITTLE ROUND TOP - DAY 71

Chamberlain, Ellis Spear and Kilrain are standing alongside the flag.

CHAMBERLAIN
Ellis, you take the right side from the 83rd over in this direction to the center. Tozier, you take the center. I'm gonna be mainly on the left because I think that's the point that needs the most watching.

They both say "yes" and then over his shoulder he hears "Colonel."

72 EXT. LITTLE ROUND TOP - DAY 72

It's GLAZIER ESTABROOK, chewing a huge plug of tobacco.

CHAMBERLAIN
Uh huh, Glazier.

ESTABROOK
Colonel, what about these here prisoners?

There are six FELLOWS sitting up on the rocks not far away.

ESTABROOK
The hard heads from the 2nd Maine.

CHAMBERLAIN
(going over)
Any of you fellows care to join us?

FIRST 2ND MAINE MAN
The Rebs really comin'!

CHAMBERLAIN
They're really comin'.

BEARDED MAN
(stretches and yawns)
Well, kinda dull just settin' here watchin'.

He stands up, but the other five just sit.

CHAMBERLAIN
Any man that joins us now, there'll be no court martial.

The youngest of the group, his beard is only fuzz.

YOUNG 2ND MAINE MAN
Well, no man'll call me a coward.
(stands up)

FIRST 2ND MAINE MAN
Why not.

The other three don't move.

CHAMBERLAIN
I'll waste no man to guard you. I expect to find you here when this is over.

SERGEANT OWEN comes up, and Chamberlain waves toward him.

CHAMBERLAIN
We've gotta get some muskets for these fellows.

OWEN
There are no muskets available.

CHAMBERLAIN
Yah! Well, you men wait just a bit. Get in reserve position. Guns'll be available after a while.

73 EXT. LITTLE ROUND TOP - DAY 73

Chamberlain moves out. Off to the right there is fresh FIRE opening up. Kilrain squints.

KILRAIN
That's the New York boys. Reb must be gettin' a little closer. They must be movin' this way.

Chamberlain nods. He walks along the position of the whole regiment, and Kilrain points ahead.

KILRAIN
Private Foss is prayin'.

Chamberlain stops by PRIVATE FOSS and Foss looks up at him.

CHAMBERLAIN
Will you put in a kind word for me?

They walk on and there are two boys standing behind a tree, one leaning against it with his gun placed over a branch.

CHAMBERLAIN
You boys, you're the Merrill brothers. Right?

MERRILL BOYS
Yes, sir.

CHAMBERLAIN
Boys, why aren't you dug in?

JIM MERRILL
Well, sir, I can't shoot worth a damn lyin' down, never could, and Bill neither. We like to fight standin'. I'd rather.

CHAMBERLAIN
I suggest you find a thicker tree.

Then off in the distance a wild, thin, distant SCREAM.

KILRAIN
Here they come.

CHAMBERLAIN
(looks up and there is Tom)
I thought I... Well, for a while now you stay by me, but keep down, keep down—

Over on the right FIRING is breaking out of the regiment which is next to them, the 83rd.

KILRAIN
Bet the whole damn Reb army is coming this way.

Chamberlain looks around.

CHAMBERLAIN
Buster, I want you to take a walk down the line. Tell the men to get good cover. Pile the rocks higher. Tell them to take their time and fire carefully. Just walk down and come back—

KILRAIN
Right! But you gotta keep your eye on them, Colonel. Some of them, they load and load and they never fire. They just go right on loadin'.

(MORE)

KILRAIN (CONT'D)
Some of them come home after the fight with seven or eight bullets rammed home in the barrel. Never fired a shot.

He's nervous and he hops off. Chamberlain is alone for a moment, Tom off to the left.

74 EXT. LITTLE ROUND TOP - 1ST ATTACK - DAY 74

Off to the right comes the first SHOT from the line of the 20th Maine. Chamberlain looks that way and a man has fired and the SERGEANT behind him is swearing: apparently there's nothing there yet; then there is a flurry of FIRE breaking out in the woods and suddenly a bullet rips through the leaves above Chamberlain. Then a bullet hits in the woods on his right, one slaps off a rock, and Chamberlain crouches. He is wearing a pistol but he doesn't pull it out. He hears rifle FIRE bursting very close to him, sees the end of his line FIRING, and then off through the trees sees the first glimpse of REBS; grey, yellow uniforms coming in flashes in between the trees, in quick glimpses. All of a sudden he sees four or five coming at once, and then they're gone and the smoke and the fire of his own men gets in the way. Then comes the terrible SCREAM: the Rebel yell. It's a large scream. It's a whole regiment. Chamberlain can see nothing but smoke and then in front of him, a COUPLE OF MEN FIRING. Through the break in the smoke two REBS; ONE is hit in the stomach, the OTHER gets to his knee and FIRES. Chamberlain looks left, SEES another break in the smoke, and this time a MAN wearing sort of an Indian costume, with fur around his collar and all kinds of leather flaking off. He runs with his arms wide apart and he's hit immediately right smack in the chest, is knocked over backwards and his feet FLY in the air. Chamberlain looks to his right. The man next to him has pulled over and is starting to bandage a wounded comrade. There's a BLAST and Chamberlain jerks to his left, Kilrain has fired. He squats behind the rock with his carbine and fires carefully. He grins and says: "Gotcha!"

The FIRING slows. Chamberlain, from his crouched position, sees no motion out there; only a couple of dead bodies.

75 EXT. LITTLE ROUND TOP - DAY 75

CHAMBERLAIN
(loudly)
They're falling back! They're falling back!

KILRAIN
They won't be for long, they'll be back in a minute.

CHAMBERLAIN
How we doin'?

KILRAIN
We're doin' fine, we're doin' fine.

Chamberlain stands and walks over to the right. He sees Tozier by the flag. Ellis Spear comes up, pistol in hand.

CHAMBERLAIN
Ellis? Anybody hurt?

SPEAR
The usual thing from behind rocks. Head and shoulder wounds.

CHAMBERLAIN
They didn't hit the left. Didn't hit at all.

TOZIER
— Wait a minute—
(squints)
I think they're moving out that way. Can you see 'em, sir?

75A EXT. WOODS - LITTLE ROUND TOP 75A

POV

Chamberlain sees flashes of motion in the woods.

BACK TO SCENE

CHAMBERLAIN
They're comin' again, boys, they're comin' again.

76 EXT. LITTLE ROUND TOP - 2ND ATTACK - DAY 76

He sees Kilrain moving over to the extreme left flank, and Chamberlain moves that way and squats down with him. This time there is no scream. Chamberlain SEES TROOPS more and more visible, a lot of them now kneeling and FIRING, and the backs of his troops FIRING. Men are hit as they advance up the hill. One right through the face. Then on the left side some of Chamberlain's men are hit, one right smack in the head, and the man just twitches and comes back over with a

piece of the left side of his face gone. Then he sees another man hit in the throat, and a reserve running up from the twenty yards behind pulling a rifle from the dead man and starting to load it. It's one of the 2nd Maine men. The Rebs are now closer, almost reaching the line of the wall, and all the men are FIRING. The smoke billows and then the attack suddenly evaporates. There is no motion except for a few men retreating.

77 EXT. LITTLE ROUND TOP - DAY 77

CHAMBERLAIN
(barely audible)
By God and by Mary! By God and by Mary!

Heavy FIRING continues up over the top of the hill. Kilrain looks up that way.

KILRAIN
I'm half expectin' them to come in from behind.

78 EXT. LITTLE ROUND TOP - 3RD ATTACK - DAY 78

Then in the distance he sees through the trees Rebel troops moving towards the left. Chamberlain just stands there, his pistol in his hand. He hears Rebel voices YELLING things he can't quite understand and then the attack comes. Chamberlain moves back behind the rock where Kilrain is FIRING. He sees a breakthrough on the left side where four Rebels, separately, are killed, and then hand to hand fighting. Another series of breakthroughs on the right. Through the smoke some of the reserve comes up and again hand to hand fighting. Chamberlain aims his pistol and shoots. A man falls forward clutching his stomach. Chamberlain doesn't know whether the man is dead or not, and the man, only a boy, pushes himself up with both hands. Chamberlain is about ten yards away when he sees the boy take a bullet right through the forehead, and go immediately down. Chamberlain sees the break being filled by the reserves. The Southern attack falls back. Rebels run back through the smoke.

79 EXT. LITTLE ROUND TOP - DAY 79

Chamberlain walks among dead bodies along the rocks. A couple of guys are bending over to tend to the wounded of both sides. Suddenly ARTILLERY shells fall among the rocks on top of the hill, sending pieces of rock sailing through the air. Chamberlain ducks. He sees Kilrain has got a scratch. Apparently a bullet has gone through the left side of his jacket, but hasn't hurt him. Kilrain's face is kind of ashen grey.

KILRAIN
(points)
Colonel, look there.

80 EXT. WOOD - LITTLE ROUND TOP - DAY 80

POV

Firing has cleared leaves from the trees. Chamberlain sees Confederate infantry forming into position.

81 EXT. LITTLE ROUND TOP - DAY 81

KILRAIN
I think a new regiment has arrived and it's moving against the left. It's — sir, do you see that?

Chamberlain nods, and then looks at his own line. There are the bodies, the wounded, but it ends to the left and there's nothing beyond.

CHAMBERLAIN
I don't think we can hold another one.
(turns to Kilrain)
Get all company commanders here on the double. On the double.

Kilrain goes. Chamberlain looks around and has to yell, because of the BIG NOISE up on top of the hill where Pennsylvania and New York are still engaged.

CHAMBERLAIN
SERGEANT OWEN! SERGEANT OWEN!

Owen pops out from behind a rock where he's been firing in reserve position.

CHAMBERLAIN
Go up on top of the hill and report me the situation up there. Move!

OWEN
Yes, sir.

He runs to their right, up the hill. The Lieutenants and Captains assemble. A couple of them have been hit, one has a bullet graze, one has got his hand bandaged, etc. But nobody's been hit down in the feet and legs.

CHAMBERLAIN
(to himself)
What the hell was that phrase in the manual, muddlebrain? Oh yeah, 'Refuse the line,' that's what it is. YOU MEN... COME ON.

The commanders gather around.

CHAMBERLAIN
We're about to be flanked. Now, here's what we do. Keep up a good hot, masking fire, keep a tight hold on the 83rd, on old Pennsylvania over there. I want no break in the line. That's you, Captain Clark, understand? No breaks.

He points to CAPTAIN CLARK, in charge of the right flank.

CHAMBERLAIN
Men will sidestep to the left, thinning out to twice the present distance. Now, you see the colors?
(he points to Tozier and the flag)
When you reach that point, we'll refuse the line, form a new line at right angles.

He looks around to the faces and they nod.

CHAMBERLAIN
Pull back as much of a reserve as possible. We've got to be able to counter-attack whenever there is a hole. Clear? Any questions?
(looks around)
No? Move!!

They move, and Chamberlain hops over to Tozier.

CHAMBERLAIN
How are you, Andrew?

TOZIER
(grinning)
Fine, sir. And you?

CHAMBERLAIN
A bit worn. A bit worn.

TOZIER
I'll tell y' this, Colonel. The boys are puttin' up one helluva fight.

CHAMBERLAIN
They are indeed.

Pats Tozier on the shoulder. There is new FIRING off to the left and Tozier looks that way.

TOZIER
Here they come again.

Chamberlain gets down and puts his hand on the rock.

CHAMBERLAIN
Bless the stones. Bless the stones.

82 EXT. LITTLE ROUND TOP - 4TH ATTACK - DAY 82

Chamberlain crouched, starts moving towards the attack which is coming from the left. His men are still putting rocks in position and the Rebs are attacking where they thought the line was, FIRING into nothing. The bullets whiz by, bouncing off the rocks, crashing through the trees. Branches are knocked half off, trees have great pieces blasted out of them.

Chamberlain jumps from rock to rock. Smoke blows all over the place, and bullets hit around him. One nicks his shoulder. He looks down suddenly to see the torn jacket, moves the arm, and it's all right. He sees Tom behind his rock FIRING, and then the smoke blows over Tom. Chamberlain moves forward into the smoke across the reserve line. All of a sudden there are two Rebels right in front of him, and Chamberlain SHOOTS. He hits one through the chest, and at the same moment a blue uniform jumps on the other one. The blue soldier is choking the man and goes right on doing it till the man is either dead or knocked out, head against a rock. Chamberlain then hears heavy, intense FIRING to his right, and looks around to see hand to hand fighting going on in front of him. He moves forward himself and again there's a break. He SEES three or four Rebs go down. One is lying badly hurt but still alive, and a 2nd Maine man has a rifle pointed at his head. The Reb just sits there while the others retreat.

83 EXT. LITTLE ROUND TOP - DAY 83

YOUNG 2ND MAINE MAN
I got me one. I got me a Reb.

Chamberlain looks around. He sees Buster Kilrain behind a rock with an odd look on his face. His right shoulder sleeve

is torn, a red stain visible. Kilrain stuffs a handcrafted handkerchief on the wound.

CHAMBERLAIN
Buster! You all right?

KILRAIN
Colonel, be fine in a minute, but plays hell with me target practice.

Tom has come up.

CHAMBERLAIN
The surgeon will see to it.

KILRAIN
Aw, just a bit of bandage is all I'll be needin', and a few minutes off my feet. Me brogans are killin' me.

At that moment, the COCKY LIEUTENANT comes running up to Chamberlain.

COCKY LIEUTENANT
Colonel, sir. My men are gettin' low on ammunition.

Chamberlain looks at Tom.

CHAMBERLAIN
Tom, get over to the 83rd and ask them to send what they can...
(to Lieutenant)
Go down and get from the wounded and the other fellows anything you can, pick up what you can from anywhere.

KILRAIN
They're comin' again, sir.

84 EXT. LITTLE ROUND TOP - 5TH ATTACK - DAY 84

The white cloth in place on his right arm, Kilrain moves over and picks up the Enfield. FIRING breaks out, Chamberlain sees a concentrated attack coming his way. Abruptly Chamberlain is hit - he winds up flat on his back. All is suddenly silent. Slowly the sounds return and Chamberlain realizes that a soldier from the 2nd Maine is kneeling over him.

2ND MAINE SOLDIER
Colonel! Colonel, how ya doin'?

Chamberlain slowly gets to his feet. Minutes have passed and the assault is all around him. He looks down and sees where the bullet hit his sword and bent it.

CHAMBERLAIN
I'll be damned.

The reserve has pushed up. A Reb comes at him with a bayonet and Chamberlain SHOOTS him. The attack has apparently broken again. He HEARS the moans of the wounded; sees faces that look weary, tired, exhausted, and scared.

85 EXT. LITTLE ROUND TOP - DAY 85

SOLDIER #1
They keep comin'. How long are they gonna keep comin'?

SOLDIER #2
Sir, I don't have much left.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a handful of bullets.

SOLDIER #3
I got two, that's what I got. I got two.

KILRAIN
They keep coming on the flanks. They are moving to the left more.

TOM (O.S.)
Lawrence?

Chamberlain turns. The boyish face is there.

TOM
(he is breathing hard)
They can't send us no help from the 83rd. The Pennsylvania boys say they got their own troubles.

Chamberlain looks down the line. Two out of every three are down. Sergeant Owen steps up and salutes.

OWEN
Sir, I would like to report...

CHAMBERLAIN
What, what, what...

OWEN
Sir, Colonel Vincent is dead... Yes, sir. Got hit a few minutes after the fight started. We have been reinforced at the top of the hill by Weed's brigade up front. This is what they tell me, but Weed is dead, and so they moved Hazlett's battery, that artillery up there, and Hazlett's dead, and...

CHAMBERLAIN
Any way you can get any of the ammunition from up there?

OWEN
I don't know, sir, everything is a mess, but they're holdin' good. The Rebs are havin' trouble comin' up that hill, that's a steep hill.

CHAMBERLAIN
We're gonna need ammunition.

Ellis Spear comes up from the right side.

SPEAR
Colonel, half my men are down. If the Rebs come this way any stronger, sir, I don't know if we can stop 'em.

CHAMBERLAIN
Send out word to take ammunition from the wounded. Make every round count.

KILRAIN
Here they come.

86 EXT. LITTLE ROUND TOP - 6TH ATTACK - DAY 86

The FIRING starts: This time the Rebs are up the hill much quicker, an officer clearly visible leading the charge. Maine men are frantically occupied with retrieving ammunition from their own dead and wounded colleagues. The Confederate officer swings round the stone which was the end of the line. Chamberlain reaches out with the pistol, props it on a tree limb, and aims carefully. The ALABAMA OFFICER turns his way; Chamberlain FIRES. The man backs up against a tree and Chamberlain FIRES again. Down goes the man to his knees, then forward on his face. To the right are THREE MORE REBS and Chamberlain pulls the trigger three times: click, click, click. Robot-like, he looks down and begins to reload. Looking to the left he realizes that at the end of the 20th

Maine there is nobody alive. He sees the dead officer that he has just shot. He sees dead Union men, dead Confederate soldiers, no movement at all. Then he turns to his reserve and sees Tom.

CHAMBERLAIN
(yells)
Tom! Tom! Go over and plug up that hole over there.

Tom runs over among all the dead bodies and gets down behind a rock and starts SHOOTING into the smoke. Chamberlain is suddenly appalled.

CHAMBERLAIN
Tom! Tom!

But Tom can't hear him. He is too busy firing. Smoke momentarily obscures Chamberlain's view. He hears a barrage of fire. Through the smoke Chamberlain can see that Tom is about to be overwhelmed. Six Confederates are closing in on the gap in the line, now defended only by Tom. Chamberlain aims his pistol towards one of the advancing Rebs. Click. It is empty. He reaches for his bullets and shakes violently as he attempts to reload. Tom meanwhile has fired point blank towards one of his attackers and the man drops over the stone wall. Chamberlain realizes he won't be able to reload in time. He drops his pistol, picking up a fallen musket. He fires. Another of Tom's attackers falls over the stone wall. The smoke obscures his view again. Then there are two Rebs closing in on Tom. Two shots ring out alongside Chamberlain and two Rebs go down. Next to him are Bucklin and another of the 2nd Maine Soldiers, one of the hard heads. It was they who fired the shots which saved Tom. And then the attack is broken. Chamberlain and Bucklin exchange a look. Chamberlain retrieves his pistol and continues to reload, but he finds only two bullets in his pocket. Spear steps up. All the fight has gone out of him. His face is bloody.

87 EXT. LITTLE ROUND TOP - DAY 87

SPEAR
We've lost a third of the men; a lot of the rest are wounded. The left is too thin now, sir.

CHAMBERLAIN
How is the ammunition?

SPEAR
It's almost gone.

CHAMBERLAIN
Almost gone?

A BUCKTOOTHED PRIVATE
Sir, we're running out. We don't have much left to shoot with. Some of the boys got nothing at all.

CHAMBERLAIN
Nothing...

Two other OFFICERS step up.

OFFICER #1
Sir, what do we do for ammunition?

OFFICER #2
Sir, couple of my boys had to pick up Reb rifles and they're firing back with them.

Chamberlain looks up and down the line. He takes a very deep breath. The last reserve and the last of the people from the right side of the line have moved to the left. Tom is there and next to him somebody else and beyond them, nobody. It is apparent that the line is now so thin that they will not be able to repulse another assault.

COCKY LIEUTENANT
Sir, I guess we ought to pull out.

CHAMBERLAIN
(calmly)
Can't do that.

SPEAR
We won't hold them again, Colonel. You know we won't hold them again.

CHAMBERLAIN
If we don't hold, they go right on by and over the hill and the whole flank caves in.

He looks down to the left. It's very quiet.

KILRAIN
Colonel, they're coming...

Chamberlain nods, looks around. Moment of silence.

CHAMBERLAIN
Well, we can't run away. And if we stay here, we can't shoot. So, let's fix bayonets.

Nobody moves. They all look at him.

CHAMBERLAIN
Well... we'll have the advantage of moving down hill.

Then Spear understands. He nods.

CHAMBERLAIN
They've got to be tired, the Rebs. They've got to be close to the end if we are. So, fix bayonets... Wait, Ellis, you take the right wing, I'll take the left. I want a right wheel forward of the whole regiment.

CAPTAIN CLARK
(stepping up)
Sir, excuse me, but what's a right wheel forward?

SPEAR
He means, "Charge," Captain. He means "Charge!"

CHAMBERLAIN
Yep... but here's what we do. We charge swinging down to the right, just like we pulled back this left side of the regiment, now we swing it down. We swing like a door, sweeping them downhill as they come up. Understand? Everybody understand? Okay, Ellis... you take that wing and when I yell, you go for it. The whole regiment goes forward, swinging to the right.

Ellis Spear nods and he starts to straighten himself up.

SPEAR
Well... well, sir, yes... well, okay.

CHAMBERLAIN
Let's go.

88 EXT. LITTLE ROUND TOP - "THE CHARGE" - DAY 88

The officers are running out, giving the order. Chamberlain, who hasn't got any saber, looks around for the broken sword, swears a bit, and then raises his pistol.

CHAMBERLAIN
(at the top of his voice)
Fix bayonets!

What is left of the reserve is getting up. Chamberlain moves over near Tom and yells again, from the left to the right end of the line.

CHAMBERLAIN
Fix bayonets! Charge! Fix bayonets!
Charge! Fix bayonets! Charge!

The whole regiment, now only about 100 men, charges. Rebs are coming towards them, 30 yards away; and down run Chamberlain's men, leaping and SCREAMING the Union "Huzzah!" Chamberlain sees the Rebs stop and stare, open-mouthed. As Chamberlain gets closer, one turns and starts to run away. Another one breaks. Then one Reb kneels, falls over. He's not hit. He's just quit. The whole Reb attack falls apart. A bullet plucks at Chamberlain's coat again, down by his left hip. He is not hit. Then he sees an OFFICER, a handsome full-bearded man in gray. He's got a sword in one hand and a revolver in the other. Chamberlain bounds towards him. The officer raises the pistol and Chamberlain raises his. THE OFFICER'S PISTOL CLICKS, misfires. Chamberlain STOPS, they look at each other, and the officer's about to faint.

CHAMBERLAIN
The pistol...

And the officer hands over the pistol with one hand and the sword with the other.

OFFICER
(soft voice)
Your prisoner, sir.

CHAMBERLAIN
Sit down right here.

The officer sits, sort of collapses, he's absolutely exhausted.

89 EXT. WOODS BELOW - LITTLE ROUND TOP - DAY 89

Rebel soldiers just stand there, being taken prisoner. Chamberlain passes a Reb sitting on a rock holding his stomach, blood coming out of his mouth. Dead bodies are all over the place, and in the distance, men running. A flock of Rebs march by, hands over their heads. Up comes Spear, sword in hand.

SPEAR
By God, Colonel, by God! By God! By God!... The boys are still advancing...

CHAMBERLAIN
Well, better go on and stop them...

SPEAR
Yes, sir... but they're on their way to Richmond. Richmond!

CHAMBERLAIN
Not today. They've done enough today.

Tom comes over, a big grin on his face, with a Reb officer (HAWKINS) in tow; a face of grime and sadness.

TOM
Hey, Lawrence, want you to meet this fellow from Alabama. Captain Hawkins, want you to meet my brother, this here is Colonel Chamberlain.

CHAMBERLAIN
Sir...

Hawkins gives him a slight nod. He speaks in such a low voice, Chamberlain can hardly hear him.

HAWKINS
May I have some water?

CHAMBERLAIN
Certainly... Tom, give him your canteen.

As the prisoners are being lined up, Chamberlain heads back up the hill and sees Kilrain from a distance. Sergeant Owen is working on him.

90 EXT. LITTLE ROUND TOP - DAY 90

CHAMBERLAIN
Buster, how you doing?

KILRAIN
(looks up cheerily; he's been hit again, this time inside his right armpit)
Twice, would you believe, for the love of Mary. Twice! And how are you, Colonel darling, this fine day?... I got it in the armpit. For the love of God... in the bloody armpit.

CHAMBERLAIN
(to Tozier)
How is he?

TOZIER
It's an arm...

KILRAIN
Only an arm... Got to lose something, might as well be an arm. Can part with that easier than other mechanics of nature and that's the truth... I could do with a nip right now...

CHAMBERLAIN
I'll see what I can do.

KILRAIN
You do pretty good...
(he's looking for him and can't find him)
...Colonel...?

CHAMBERLAIN
Right here.

KILRAIN
The army was blessed... I want you to know, just in case... that I have never served...
(takes a deep breath, puts out his hand, stained with his own blood, finds Chamberlain)
...never served under a better man...

Chamberlain nods and Kilrain closes his eyes. Chamberlain looks to Tozier.

TOZIER
He'll make it, don't worry. He's a tough old mick.

91 EXT. LITTLE ROUND TOP - DAY 91

Chamberlain stands. Spear is there holding out an ornamented silver flask.

SPEAR
Would the Colonel honor me...

A PRIVATE salutes and whispers in Chamberlain's ear.

PRIVATE
Colonel, sir, I'm moving these Rebs with an empty rifle.

CHAMBERLAIN
(grins)
Not so loud...

Colonel Rice walks down the hill to Chamberlain.

RICE
(pointing south)
Colonel, you've been ordered to go up to the top of the big hill. My men will take over your prisoners... Colonel, we watched from our position above. The damnedest thing I ever saw. May I shake your hand, sir.

CHAMBERLAIN
Colonel, one thing, what's the name of this place, this hill... has it got a name, this hill?

RICE
This is Little Round Top, that's the name of the hill you defended. The big one you're going to is Big Round Top.

CHAMBERLAIN
Hum... well, I guess I'll remember that.

Rice salutes formally. Chamberlain salutes. Rice turns away. Chamberlain goes over to Spear, who's got the 20th Maine re-assembled.

CHAMBERLAIN
Ellis. Move the men out. I'm going ahead.

Chamberlain is all alone, moving up through the woods.

CHAMBERLAIN (V.O.)
Lawrence, old boy, treasure this moment because you feel about as good as a man can feel.

BLACK SCREEN

A beat; UNDER we HEAR the agonized MOANS and SHRIEKS of wounded and dying men — and then we COME UP on a scene rivaling anything from the "Inferno" — a Civil War field hospital after a major engagement...

92 EXT. CONFEDERATE FIELD HOSPITAL - THAT NIGHT 92

The outbursts of agony go on amid bustling activity in flickering torch and lantern-light... the hideously wounded, bloody men lying everywhere, on cots and on the ground... piles of amputated limbs... Exhausted SURGEONS in bloodstained aprons — resembling nothing so much as butchers with saws and big knives in their hands — going about their grizzly work...

Longstreet strides through this hell on earth, ducks into a large tent.

93 INT. CONFEDERATE FIELD HOSPITAL - NIGHT 93

General Hood lies on a table, being worked on by Dr. J.S.D. CULLEN. The hand of Hood's right arm is a bloody mangle of exposed bone. Longstreet crosses into the f.g., beneath the lantern hanging from the top of the tent:

LONGSTREET
Sam?

Hood looks up with bright, drugged, eerie eyes, but not really seeing. There are dirt streaks and tear-stains on his cheeks. Longstreet glances at the doctor.

CULLEN
We've drugged him, sir. Be better if he slept.

But Hood rouses himself.

HOOD
Didn't see much. The boys went in and hit the rocks—
(focuses a bit)
How'd it go, Pete?

LONGSTREET
Fine, Sam.

HOOD
We took those rocks?

LONGSTREET
(heavily)
Most of 'em.

HOOD
Worst ground I ever... the men took to callin' it Devil's Den. Good name for it... Got to give my boys credit—

Longstreet, fighting back emotion, merely nods. Hood raises his one good hand to shield his eyes from the overhead light.

HOOD
Casualties? What casualties?

LONGSTREET
Don't know yet...

HOOD
Shoulda' gone to the right—

CULLEN
He ought to go to sleep. Don't fight it, General — let it work.

Hood is drifting off; his eye goes to his mangled hand.

HOOD
You fellas try to save that, y'hear, now?

CULLEN
Yes, sir—

He slips into unconsciousness... a beat, and Longstreet goes.

94 EXT. CONFEDERATE FIELD HOSPITAL - NIGHT 94

As Longstreet emerges, the spy, Harrison, materializes from amid the human carnage awaiting treatment.

HARRISON
You summoned me, sir?

LONGSTREET
I did. I want a little night work. Are you up to it?

Harrison sweeps off his hat, quotes.

HARRISON
"We must love the night, and no more worship the garish sun..."

LONGSTREET
(smiles)
When this is over, I'll look forward to seeing you on the stage.

HARRISON
What are the general's wishes?

LONGSTREET
I want you to get out to the right and scout the Union position. Their condition, what they've got in reserve, what they're bringing up. Take most of the night, but get it clear—

HARRISON
Your obedient servant, General.

LONGSTREET
It's dangerous, Harrison. I appreciate it.

HARRISON
Why, thank you, sir. I must confess the thing that bothers me about this job is the absence of an audience. When you do it right, nobody knows you're doing it. Nobody ever watches you work. Do you see? That's very hard on an actor.

Longstreet takes a bleak look around the hospital.

LONGSTREET
Well, we all have sacrifices to make don't we?

HARRISON
(sobered)
Indeed we do, General.

LONGSTREET
Get going, Harrison. And be careful.

HARRISON
Sir—:

He goes. As Longstreet mounts his horse, he's joined by Sorrell. Longstreet eyes his mount.

LONGSTREET
That's a Godawful piece of horse you've got there.

SORREL
Yes, sir. Local plowmare. Had mine shout out from under me. Hot time, sir.

LONGSTREET
You've got the casualty figures yet?

SORREL
(carefully)
No, sir, I regret to say. Just preliminary reports.

LONGSTREET
Don't play it down.

SORREL
No, sir. The Yankees put up a stiff fight and my guess is Hood's losses will approach fifty percent.

Longstreet expels a heavy breath.

LONGSTREET
Fifty percent?

Now FAIRFAX comes riding up.

FAIRFAX
Sir, General Pickett's compliments. He wishes to announce his presence upon the field.

LONGSTREET
That's just grand.
(to Sorrel)
Isn't that grand, Colonel? Now let the battle commence.

FAIRFAX
General Pickett is gravely concerned, sir. He wishes to inquire if there are any Yankees left. He says to tell you that he is personally bored and his men are very lonely.

LONGSTREET
Fairfax—

FAIRFAX
General Pickett has asked me to inform you he and his division of pale Virginians await you in yon field hoping you will come tuck them in for the night and console them.

LONGSTREET
Fairfax, you drunk?

FAIRFAX
I believe not, sir. I'm quoting. General Pickett's exact words. Almost—

LONGSTREET
(smiles)
Well, tell Pickett I'm glad to have him here at last and I'll be along shortly.

95 EXT. LEE'S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT 95

Hundreds of men and dozens of fires. Across the crowd, there's an open space by the door of the house, and there in the firelight is Lee. Longstreet rides up. Aides take the reins of his horse.

LEE
I'm very glad to see you well.

LONGSTREET
Well, I've just come by for orders, sir...

Loping into camp on horseback ride six colorfully uniformed Confederate Cavalry officers. They dismount in the b.g., amid whoops and cries of welcome.

LEE
General Stuart has returned.

LONGSTREET
The prodigal son.

They enter the stone farmhouse.

96 INT. LEE'S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT 96

In the house, Lee sits down in his rocking chair. Longstreet sees him for the first time in the light; he seems very tired.

LEE
It was very close this afternoon.

Lee is a bit dreamy.

LONGSTREET
Sir...?

LEE
They almost broke. I could feel them breaking. I thought for a moment I saw our flags go up the hill...

LONGSTREET
(looking down)
It wasn't that close...

But Lee seems to be strange and dark.

LEE
The attacks were not coordinated. I don't know why – but we almost did it this day. I could see an open road to Washington... How is it with General Hood?

LONGSTREET
I think he'll live, sir. I've just come from him.

LEE
Thank God, couldn't spare Hood.

He's gazing off into nowhere and shakes his head.

LEE
We lost many good men this day.

LONGSTREET
Sir, there are three Union corps dug in on the high rocky ground in front of me... Today, sir, I lost almost half my strength.

Lee doesn't say anything, just nods.

LONGSTREET
The way to the right is still open, sir.

LEE
(looks up, smiles)
Let me think, General.

LONGSTREET
We have enough artillery for one more good fight, just one.

LEE
I know. Let me think on it.

LONGSTREET
General...

Lee looks Longstreet in the eye.

LEE
I'm very glad to see you well. We'll talk in the morning.

Longstreet nods and leaves.

97 EXT. ROAD NEAR THE CONFEDERATE ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT 97

Longstreet spurs off into the dark, out of the crowd and NOISE. He hears a VOICE calling, turns and sees the grinning Fremantle with his hat held high, looking like a scarecrow.

FREMANTLE
Good evening, sir. My compliments. Marvelous evening, isn't it. May I say, sir...

As Longstreet rides, Fremantle drops in alongside.

FREMANTLE
I observed your charge this afternoon and I was inspired, sir. Inspired. Extraordinary, sir. A general officer at the front of the line. One's heart leaps up, one's hat is off to you.

He gives that great big swirling bow, damn near falling off the horse. Longstreet smiles.

FREMANTLE
Would you take my hand, sir, in honor of your great victory. You Americans shake hands and I'm trying to get used to it, sir.

LONGSTREET
(takes the hand, then he looks up)
Victory...? It might do to remind you that the enemy is still entrenched on those hills.

FREMANTLE
The way your boys from Mississippi and North Carolina pushed those Federals back through that peach orchard... and the struggle in that wheat field – must have changed hands a half-dozen times. The Yankees had to sustain fifty percent casualty... Tenacity sir. And discipline and – shall I say it sir – sheer audacity. But most remarkable, the way those New Yorkers marched out into the field, down from their commanding position on the ridges – just as we'd speculated – lured down into Lee's trap – flags flying, regimental colors aloft. One could say they descended onto the plain in parade formation, as if passing in review. Most remarkable sight sir! I shall never forget it. And they were beaten back sir. Routed and driven back!
(rattling on)
General Lee is the soldier of the age, the soldier of the age...

Longstreet says nothing. He's not smiling.

FREMANTLE
I have no doubt that General Lee shall become the world's foremost authority on military matters when this war is over. I think all Europe will be turning to him for lessons.

This is quite a striking thing for Fremantle to say.

LONGSTREET
(looks at him)
Lessons?

FREMANTLE
I've been thinking, I must confess, of setting some brief thoughts to paper. Some brief remarks of my own, an account of this battle and perhaps others this army has fought. Some notes as to the tactics... General Lee's various stratagems will be most instructive and most illuminating. One would not think of General Lee now that one has met him, now that one has looked upon his face, so to speak, in the eye as it were, one would not think him, as you know, to be such a devious man...

LONGSTREET
(swings to stare at him)
Devious...?

FREMANTLE
Oh my word, but he's a tricky man. The old gray fox, as they say... charming phrase, "the old gray fox." American to the hilt.

Longstreet stops dead in the road.

LONGSTREET
(shakes his head)
Devious...

Fremantle stares.

LONGSTREET
Colonel, bless your soul. There ain't a devious bone in Robert Lee's body.

FREMANTLE
Sir...?

Fremantle sees Longstreet is not joking. Longstreet leans forward. It's darker and quieter where they are now.

LONGSTREET
Colonel, let me explain something. The secret of General Lee is that men love him and follow him with great faith. He makes his decision and moves with guts. That's why we win. Because we move with speed and faith and because we usually have the good ground. Devious...?
(MORE)

LONGSTREET (CONT'D)
(getting unnerved)
Damnit, man, if there's one human being in the world less devious than Robert Lee I ain't yet met him.
(he points)
Tomorrow we will attack an enemy that outnumbers us, that outguns us, an enemy dug in on high ground. And let me tell you, if we win, it will not be because of tactics or because we're great strategists; it will be because of the men. And the men will follow Lee.

Fremantle's mouth is wide open. Longstreet rides off, leaving Fremantle embarrassed and incredulous.

98 EXT. CONFEDERATE CAMPFIRE - NIGHT 98

As Longstreet comes riding into the perimeter of Pickett's headquarters, there's laughter ahead and many bright fires. Off to the right is George Pickett by a fire, telling his story. He's standing there wild-haired and gorgeous, stabbing with an invisible sword. Garnett and Kemper serve as his audience, along with other officers and enlisted men.

PICKETT
...the time during a cannonade when there was only one tree to hide behind. And the men kept falling behind the tree, so there was a long thin line which ruled like a pigtail and it swayed to one side or the other. Every time a ball came, the fellows would move this way then the next cannon ball they would move that way.

An aide takes Longstreet's horse as he dismounts.

LONGSTREET
Gentlemen. No, don't stop the game—

The officers AD LIB greetings. Then:

ARMISTEAD
General, you're just in time. I was trying to explain to George, Darwin's theory of evolution – the notion that mankind has descended from the ape. He does not subscribe.

LONGSTREET
That so—

PICKETT
I do not. And I have ordered General Armistead to cease filling his head with heathen blasphemies. Henceforth he is to devote his reflective moments to studying matters of military significance.

KEMPER
And appropriating more of this fine Pennsylvania whiskey. General?

Longstreet declines the offer of a drink with a gesture.

PICKETT
Surely the commanding general shares my deep feelings of disgust at the suggestion?

LONGSTREET
Well, George, there's a lot of smart folks take Darwin for Gospel—

ARMISTEAD
Those folks would not be included among George's circle of friends.

Pickett draws himself up with great dignity.

PICKETT
I intend to lay this matter to rest once and for all. Gentlemen, you may believe that you are come from an ape. You may even believe that I am come from an ape. But I would like the man among you to step forward who believes that General Robert E. Lee is come from an ape!

ARMISTEAD
George, all of science trembles before your searing insights.

There's a round of chuckles, general agreement. Longstreet moves apart from the others, settling himself beneath a tree. A beat; he looks up, and there is Armistead, holding a tall glass and grinning.

ARMISTEAD
How goes it, Pete?

LONGSTREET
Passing well, passing well.

Armistead squats.

ARMISTEAD
What do you hear from Sam Hood?

LONGSTREET
He may lose an arm.

ARMISTEAD
Dick Garnett isn't fit, can hardly walk. Thing is, if there's any action, he can't stand to be out of it. But if you ordered him to stay out...

Longstreet says nothing.

ARMISTEAD
Don't suppose you could do that?

Longstreet shakes his head. Things are quiet except for an Irish TENOR in the distance.

YOUNG TENOR
OH HAST THOU FORGOTTEN
HOW SOON WE WILL SEVER
OH HAST THOU FORGOTTEN
HOW SOON WE MUST PART
IT MAY BE FOR YEARS
AND IT MAY BE FOREVER
THEREFORE WHY ART THOU SILENT
OH VOICE OF MY HEART

LONGSTREET
The boy can sing. That's Kathleen Mavourneen.

He turns to Armistead and suddenly realizes that Armistead has gone all to softness, tears on his cheeks.

ARMISTEAD
You hear anything about Hancock?

LONGSTREET
We ran into him today. He's over that way, a mile or so, only a mile or so.

ARMISTEAD
That a fact...

LONGSTREET
He was tough, he was tough today.

ARMISTEAD
He's the best they got, and that's a fact,.. Like to go over and see him as soon as I can.

LONGSTREET
Sure, maybe tomorrow.

ARMISTEAD
Well that'll be fine.
(dreamily)
...last time I saw Winn, we played that song 'round the piano, we were all together for the last time right before we all broke up, spring of '61.

He's looking back on the past.

ARMISTEAD
Mira Hancock... one more evening together... you remember Mira, beautiful woman. Beautiful woman, they were a beautiful couple, you know that, most beautiful couple I ever saw. Garnett was there with me that night, lot of fellows from the old outfit and people around in the blue uniform singing... we were leaving the next day... some going north, some going south, splitting up. God, do you remember that? The soldiers' farewell, goodbye, good luck see you in hell. Sat around the piano toward the end of the evening, Mira was playing, that song there that was the one she played... MAYBE FOR YEARS, IT MAY BE FOREVER... I'll never forget that.

He stops and looks down at the whiskey glass.

ARMISTEAD
You know how it was, Pete?

Longstreet nods.

ARMISTEAD
Winn was a brother to me, you remember. Toward the end of the evening it got rough. We all began...
(MORE)

ARMISTEAD (CONT'D)
...well, you know, there were a lot of tears.
(his voice is wavering a bit)
I went up to him, I took him by the shoulder, I said Winn, so help me, if I ever lift a hand against you, may God strike me dead.
(looks at Longstreet)
...haven't seen him since... haven't been on the same field with him, thank God. It troubles me to think on it.

Longstreet doesn't say a word.

ARMISTEAD
I thought about sitting this one out, but don't think I can do that. That wouldn't be right either. I guess not.
(he drinks more of the whiskey and then collects himself)
Thank you, Peter... had to talk about that.

LONGSTREET
Yup...

ARMISTEAD
I sent Mira Hancock a package to be opened in the event of my death... you'll drop by and see her after this is over...

Longstreet starts to laugh. He knows it's inappropriate and tries to stifle it, but he can't.

ARMISTEAD
(not unkindly)
What's so funny?

LONGSTREET
(still laughing)
I was just thinking of the time you hit Jubel Early with the plate.

ARMISTEAD
I didn't hit him hard enough.

Longstreet's laughter subsides. It has been a kind of emotional release for him.

ARMISTEAD
It's good to see you laugh.

LONGSTREET
Just like the old days - all drunk and singing in the night.

Armistead sighs and drinks the last of the whiskey.

ARMISTEAD
Come on, Peter, tomorrow could be a long day. Let's go join the party... why not... before they drink up all the whiskey.

Armistead grins, takes Longstreet by the arm and pulls him toward the circle of light and men, where Pickett has hardly taken a breath-

PICKETT
I want to tell you the story of Old Tanget which is Dick Ewell's horse which, as God is my final judge, is not only the slowest and orneriest piece of horse flesh in all this here army, but possibly the slowest horse in this hemisphere or even in the history of all slow horses...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

99 INT. LEE'S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT 99

Lee is bending over papers on a table in his little office.

He looks up to Taylor.

LEE
What day is it now?

TAYLOR
Sir, it's long after midnight.
(looks at his watch)
It's already Friday.

LEE
Friday, July 3rd?

TAYLOR
Yes, sir.

LEE
Tomorrow will be the Fourth of July?

TAYLOR
Sir?

LEE
Independence Day.

TAYLOR
Huh — I'd quite forgotten. Huh—

LEE
The good Lord has a sense of humor... I'm sorry to keep you so late.

TAYLOR
My pleasure, sir.

LEE
We should have a larger staff.

TAYLOR
Sir, I'll be offended. I can do the work.

LEE
You can send in General Stuart and I wish to be left alone.

TAYLOR
Sir...

Taylor exits.

JEB STUART enters.

STUART
You wish to see me, sir?

LEE
It is the opinion of some excellent officers that you have let us all down.

Stuart freezes, completely taken aback.

STUART
General Lee, sir, if you will tell me who these gentlemen...

LEE
(comes in cold)
There will be none of that... there is no time for that...

STUART
Sir, I only ask that I be allowed...

LEE
There is no time.

STUART
(fractured)
General Lee...

LEE
Your mission was to free this army from the enemy cavalry and to report any movement by the enemy's main body. That mission was not fulfilled.

Stuart just stands motionless.

LEE
You left this army, without word of your movements or of the movements of the enemy, for several days. We went into battle, forced into battle, without adequate knowledge of the enemy's position or strength, without knowledge of the ground. It is only by God's grace that we have escaped disaster.

STUART
(in great pain)
General Lee...

LEE
It is possible that you misunderstood my orders, it is possible I did not make myself clear. Yet this must be clear. You with your cavalry are the eyes of the army. Without your cavalry, we are blind. That has happened once, but it must never happen again.

STUART
(starts to take off his sword)
Sir... since I no longer hold the General's trust...

LEE
(just waves a hand at it)
I have told you, there's no time for that. There's a fight tomorrow and we need you. We need every man. God knows. You must take what I've told you...
(as if to a boy)
...and learn from it as a man does. There has been a mistake, it will not happen again. I know your quality. You're as good a cavalry officer as I have known and your service to this army has been invaluable. Now...
(he lifts a hand)
...let us talk no more of this.

Stuart stands there in the dark, his sword in his hand, searching for words.

LEE
General, this matter is concluded. Good night.

Stuart stands there for a moment, salutes, and leaves. Lee shakes his head to get rid of this, trying to think. He closes his eyes.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

100 EXT. CONFEDERATE ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT 100

A soldier has begun to sing an old hymn, and he is joined by several others at the campfire; as nearby a half-dozen medical CORPSMEN carry empty stretchers into the darkness. The CAMERA moves with them, through the trees and changing shadows projected by the flickering firelight. The corpsmen are soon out of the woods and into the clearing of the battlefield...

101 EXT. THE BATTLEFIELD - NIGHT 101

...winding their way through furrowed turf and dismantled fence rails, across moonlit acres strewn with the carcasses of horses and fallen men. The corpsmen stop here and there in search of the wounded and the slain, and we discover other men in faded BLUE uniforms doing the same grim task. The CAMERA moves with the BLUE CORPSMEN as they carry their human burden back towards their lines, past boulders and rocky outcroppings...

101A EXT. UNION ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT 101A

...and eventually past Federal PICKETS into the Union encampment, where another small group of soldiers at a campfire are singing the same ancient hymn.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

FRIDAY, JULY 3, 1863

THE LAST DAY

102 EXT. BIG ROUND TOP - PRE-DAWN 102

SILENCE. The summit of the tallest hill, Big Round Top. The peak overlooks the entire field. Sitting on a tree limb about seven feet off the ground is Joshua Chamberlain. He's looking through binoculars. His boot has been removed from the wounded foot.

VOICE
Colonel...?

Chamberlain looks down to see Tom holding up a cup of coffee.

TOM
Colonel, sir.

CHAMBERLAIN
Yeah, I could use that.

TOM
What you doing up in the tree?

CHAMBERLAIN
I'm resting my leg.

TOM
Oh, okay.

Tom pulls up on one limb and hands up the cup. He sits on the lower limb.

TOM
Gee, you sure can see a ways from here.

Chamberlain sips on his coffee.

CHAMBERLAIN
Where you been?

TOM
We sent out a detail and found some more departed souls down there and they were carrying coffee to which they had no more use... so...

CHAMBERLAIN
Yugh... you're a ghoul.

TOM
How do you feel, Colonel, sir? You notice I didn't say Lawrence?

CHAMBERLAIN
I feel fine.

TOM
You know... I bet we're higher than anybody in the whole army. In both whole armies... One thing about war I just don't like...

CHAMBERLAIN
What's that Tom?

TOM
Bayonets... it's different, it's not like guns and cannons, and other men feel the same way... know what I mean... I couldn't use mine, yesterday. I just couldn't. I ran down the hill yelling and screaming my head off. I hit one fellow with the rifle barrel... use the rifle to hell, don't bother me, but I couldn't stick anybody.

CHAMBERLAIN
There's nothing to be ashamed of.

TOM
Lawrence...
(smiles rather stubbornly)
You did real good. Lawrence, the way them Rebs kept comin' yesterday, you had to admire 'em. You think they'll come again today?

Chamberlain looks out at the Confederate campfires, smoking above the trees.

CHAMBERLAIN
Well, it doesn't look like they're planning to leave.

TOM
We don't have but a hundred men. Even with the whole flock from the 2nd Maine.

CHAMBERLAIN
This position is good.

The sound of THUNDER out in the dark sky to the north. Chamberlain squints, but it is not thunder, it is CANNON FIRE. He sees smoke and mist and occasionally a flash.

CHAMBERLAIN
Diversion.
(to Tom)
Go down and alert the pickets. That may be a diversion over there. They may be comin' this way again. And where's the ammunition we sent for? And go down to the hospital and see how the boys are doin' and check on Buster, will you.

TOM
Lawrence, we're gonna need another runner, sir. I go up and down this hill much longer, my legs're gonna fall off.

He drops down and scurries off. Chamberlain picks up the glasses. He can't see anything except smoke in the trees. Then Chamberlain lets himself down. His hip is sore where the bullet hit his sword, and he favors his foot.

CHAMBERLAIN
(grunts)
Oh boy!

Chamberlain walks along his line of troops on the top of the hill. Very few are asleep, they're just lying there behind freshly placed stone fortifications; sort of immobile because of what they've been through. Chamberlain looks them over. He is beginning to think the 20th Maine has had it. Tozier comes over.

TOZIER
Sir, a Courier from Colonel Rice—

The courier, LIEUTENANT PITZER, is gasping for breath.

PITZER
Colonel Chamberlain, sir, that's some climb, sir.

CHAMBERLAIN
My men need rations, Lieutenant.

PITZER
Sir, Colonel Rice entrusted me to tell you you are relieved, sir.

CHAMBERLAIN
Relieved?

Nearby, a couple of faces look up.

PITZER
New troops are coming up, sir, and will take over here. Colonel Rice wants to give your people a rest. He wants you to fall back, and I'm to show you the way.

CHAMBERLAIN
(numb)
Fall back.
(pause... as it sinks in, to Tozier)
Form 'em up. We're moving out.

TOZIER
Yes, sir.

Chamberlain can see fresh troops coming up the road.

CHAMBERLAIN
Where are we going?

PITZER
Oh, sir—
(grins)
Lovely spot! Very quiet. Safest place on the battlefield. Right smack dab in the center.

103 EXT. LONGSTREET'S HEADQUARTERS, SEMINARY RIDGE - PRE-DAWN 103

Thick fog. Longstreet is at a slight distance, a flock of officers nearby. All are standing, their horses close at hand. Lee rides out of this misty fog. Behind him is an ominously black sky. It's a rather eerie thing; ghost riders, sabers CLANKING, horses BREATHING, thick dank air and mist.

LEE
General, good morning.
(smiles that quiet smile)
Ride with me.

Longstreet mounts and they spur out into an open field down in front of Seminary Ridge. Others follow at a distance. To the right is the Rocky Hill, to the left the top of Cemetery Hill, and in front of them the ridge running between the two hills.

LEE
General Longstreet, you have Pickett now and he's fresh. I want you to move your corps forward and take those heights in the center and split the Union line.

He lifts a hand and points right at the center of Cemetery Ridge. Longstreet takes a deep breath.

LONGSTREET
Sir, my two divisions — Hood and McLaws lost almost half their strength yesterday, fifty percent.

Lee watches Longstreet's face.

LONGSTREET
There are now three Union corps on those rocky hills on our right flank. If I move my people forward we'll have no flank at all. They'll simply swing 'round and crush us... General, it is my considered opinion that a frontal assault here would be a disaster... A disaster, sir.

Lee looks back towards the center. He is making up his mind as to what to do, but Longstreet goes right on.

LONGSTREET
Sir, they are well entrenched up there. They aim to fight. They have good artillery and plenty of it. Any attack will be uphill over open ground. General, this is a bad position. Have you ever seen a worse one? Here we are in a long line spread all around 'em. A line about five miles long. How can we keep in touch? How can we coordinate attack? They're massed altogether, sir. Damn near in a circle.
(MORE)

LONGSTREET (CONT'D)
Anywhere we hit 'em, they can bring up reinforcements in a matter of minutes. But if we try to move in support, it has to come from miles away, and their cannon can see every move, hell, their cannon are lookin' down at us right now.

LEE
In the center they'll break—

LONGSTREET
Sir?

LEE
They will break. In any case, there is no alternative. If we stay, we must fight. No waiting. No digging in. We will never be stronger. They will be gaining men from all directions, guns by the thousands, and Richmond has nothing to send. So if we stay, we fight. If we pull out, we'll have fought here for two days and we'll leave knowing we didn't drive them off. And I have never yet left the enemy in command of the field. Retreat is no longer an option. The enemy has been attacked on both wings, he has reinforced there, and will be strongest there on the wings, the hills, the rocks. So the weak point is the center. The enemy has high ground on each wing but in the center there's a long slope. The First Virginians are the only people not yet engaged, yes. With Longstreet in command... My old warhorse... Face to face, with the enemy on ground of his own choosing and with honor...

104 EXT. CONFEDERATE POSITIONS - THE TREE LINE - DAY 104

They are in clear view of the top of the hills on both sides; a lot of dead in a little gulch nearby. Beyond is a whole row of troops; lean, young, grinning faces, bloodstained clothes, and over towards one side a row of bodies, and another of dead horses.

105 EXT. LITTLE ROUND TOP - DAY 105

POV

Lee surveys the entire enemy position; from Culps Hill on the left to Little Round Top on the right. Then he looks straight ahead, towards Cemetery Ridge.

106 EXT. CONFEDERATE POSITIONS - TREE LINE - DAY 106

BACK TO SCENE

LEE
General, we will attack the center... You will have Pickett's division, but I think you are right about the flank. I agree with you there. Hood and McLaws were both badly damaged. What I will do is give you two other divisions, stronger and more rested. You will have three divisions. Your objective will be that clump of trees.

He points to the center of the Union line, which is perfectly clear on top of Cemetery Ridge. The clump of trees is in the center, isolated, unmistakable.

LEE
The attack will be preceded by massed artillery fire. We'll concentrate all our guns on that one small area, a Feu d'enfer, as Napoleon would call it. When the artillery has had its effect, your charge will break the line.

Lee is getting a little excited, and he leans forward, hoping to strike fire in Longstreet.

LEE
Three divisions will give you 15,000 men. You can begin at any time. But plan it well, plan it well. We stake everything on this.

LONGSTREET
Sir, with your permission—

Lee knows what's coming and looks with a cold face.

LONGSTREET
Sir, I have been a soldier all my life, I've served from the ranks on up, you know my service. I have to tell you now, sir, that I believe this attack will fail. No 15,000 men ever made can take that hill.

Lee holds up a hand, and we can see anger coming, but Longstreet continues stubbornly.

LONGSTREET
It's a distance of more than a mile over open ground. As soon as we leave the trees, we will be under the fire of their artillery from all over the field, and at the top of the hill are Hancock's boys—

LEE
General, we do our duty. We do what we have to do?

LONGSTREET
Yes, sir.

LEE
Alexander is handling the artillery, he is very good. We rely on him to break them up on Cemetery Ridge before Pickett gets there.

LONGSTREET
Yes, sir.

LEE
The men will know what to do. All 15,000 will concentrate finally on the small stone wall a hundred yards wide — the line there is not strong—

Lee is looking towards it now.

LEE
Meade has strength on both his flanks.
(pointing)
He must be weak in the center. I estimate his strength in the center is not much more than 5,000 men. The artillery barrage will break them up.

LONGSTREET
Yes, sir.

LEE
Is there anything you need?

Longstreet takes a deep breath. He is ready now.

LONGSTREET
I've always been slow, sir. Cautious and slow.

LEE
There is no one I trust more.

LONGSTREET
Sir, if the line can be broken—

Lee gives a slight smile.

LEE
It can. It will.

Longstreet moves back offering the formal salute, holding it for a few seconds. Lee draws up and salutes.

LEE
General Longstreet, God go with you.

Lee pulls the horse around and rides off. Up comes Pickett, wide-eyed and curious, long hair flying.

LONGSTREET
George, George, you're gonna lead the attack. Get ready, George.

Pickett is thrilled.

LONGSTREET
Form your division behind the line of trees. I'll give you the details. Move, George, move.

And Pickett is gone.

107 EXT. TREE LINE - DAY 107

Longstreet moves out to the edge of the trees. Before him is the open ground leading up past the Cadori farmhouse to the top of Cemetery Ridge. E. PORTER ALEXANDER, Colonel of artillery, who has lost his hat, rides up in a hurry.

ALEXANDER
Ah, sir, my hat, I don't know where the hell it is, I'm sorry – an officer riding around like this.

LONGSTREET
Alexander.
(points up to Little Round Top)
The Union cannon up on that rocky hill can cause us some trouble. You should assign some guns to keep them quiet. Then move forward with the attacks keeping the flanks clear. How old are you, son?

ALEXANDER
Sir? Oh – uh – 28, sir.

LONGSTREET
(pointing to the center)
Now we must clear those guns off that ridge right there. That's the main thing.

ALEXANDER
Yes, sir.

LONGSTREET
I'm relying on you, son.

ALEXANDER
Yes, sir.
(bobs his head up and down)
I'll sure keep 'em shootin', sir.

LONGSTREET
You will use everything you have. Maximum effort – fire all the long range ordinance. Don't open up until I give you the word and everything's in position, then fire with everything you've got. I don't want to see a single gun silent... Get yourself a good observation point so you can see the damage. We've got to push some of those people off that hill. If we don't do that... You'll let me know when you're nearing the end of your ammunition. We must conserve enough to support the advance.

ALEXANDER
Sir, yes sir.

He is pale and not confident; he salutes and hurries off.

108 EXT. TREE LINE - DAY 108

Moxley Sorrel comes up, and with him are the three generals of Longstreet's Corps who will lead the attack. J. JOHNSTON PETTIGREW, has lined up with Trimble, and off to the other side is Pickett.

PETTIGREW
(introducing himself)
Johnston Pettigrew, University of North Carolina.

LONGSTREET
Yeah, I remember. They talked of your grades there, with reverence and awe.

Longstreet is dismounting; the others follow suit.

LONGSTREET
Your reputation as a scholar has preceded you, sir. They tell me you have written a book?

PETTIGREW
Oh, it was only a minor work. If the general would care to read it-

LONGSTREET
(smiles)
Perhaps I'll have George read it first. General Pickett has a fine eye for literary merit.

Pettigrew turns earnestly to Pickett.

PETTIGREW
You will have a copy, sir, with my compliments.

PICKETT
(deadpan)
I shall look forward to - perusing - it, sir.

Now Longstreet points across the field.

LONGSTREET
Gentlemen – Do you see that clump of trees at the top of Cemetery Ridge?

109 EXT. CEMETERY RIDGE - DAY 109

THEIR POV

Again we SEE the clump of trees that Lee first pointed out in the earlier sequence. O.S. we HEAR AD LIBBED assent from the officers.

110 EXT. TREE LINE - DAY 110

Longstreet kneels down under a big tree and the three men crouch all around him. He looks at them all, one, two three.

LONGSTREET
The attack will be straight up to it. You fellows will begin as a line perhaps a mile wide. Fifteen thousand men. All of you to converge at that point at the top of the hill.

There's something very fatalistic in his repetition of the point. Longstreet has picked up a stick, broken it off, and with it he illustrates his conversation on the ground. First he marks their initial position.

LONGSTREET
That thick grove of trees, right up in the middle. George, your division is on the right side of the attack.
(he draws a line indicating Pickett's division)
Now, Pettigrew here.
(he draws another line to the left of Pickett)
General Trimble, here.
(draws that line right behind Pettigrew)

He turns to Pickett.

LONGSTREET
George, don't form a single line. Put two brigades in front and one behind, so – like this.
(draws the three lines)

PICKETT
(pointing)
Yes, sir, Garnett's brigade, right there, Kemper right next to him, and Armistead behind.

LONGSTREET
Well then, Garnett will be your left flank, that will be the guiding point. That understood?

PICKETT
Yes, sir.

LONGSTREET
The guiding line will be from this point here – to here.
(puts his stick on the end of the line he has drawn for Garnett and draws it straight up to that cross which indicates the trees)
Any questions?

Nobody says a word.

LONGSTREET
Alright, fellas.

He stands up and points to that clump of trees in the distance.

LONGSTREET
Gentlemen, that's the point, that clump of trees.

As they look, Longstreet is quiet and formal.

LONGSTREET
We are assembling all the artillery. It'll be concentrating on that center and we will fire with every cannon we have for as long as the ammunition lasts. When that's done I'll give you the signal, and you'll all go in.

They all stand there, sensing there is no more to be said.

LONGSTREET
Gentlemen, the fate of your country will be decided by this attack... All the men who died are with you now.

He puts out a hand to Pettigrew.

PETTIGREW
I want to say, sir, it is an honor to serve under your command.

He shakes hands, backs off, and salutes. He is gone. Trimble takes the hand.

TRIMBLE
I want to thank you, sir, for giving me the opportunity of serving here— I have prayed, sir—
(he chokes up)

He is gone to his horse, and Pickett is there. Longstreet sticks out his hand.

LONGSTREET
George, can you take the hill?

Pickett grins, a savage look; he is a genuine fighter. There is nothing more to say; he salutes and takes off.

111 EXT. TREE LINE - DAY 111

And Harrison is there.

HARRISON
Sir.

LONGSTREET
Harrison?

HARRISON
Sir, would you mind giving someone an order to give me a rifle? I think today I'd like to join the attack. If I could even borrow a hat, sir, from some soldier, or just a jacket, with some stripes on it, sir, just once, because I think, sir, this might be the last day and haven't I earned it, sir?

LONGSTREET
Would you like to know what's going to happen? I'll tell you what's going to happen...
(MORE)

LONGSTREET (CONT'D)
The troops are now forming behind the trees, when they come out in front of the woods the artillery will open up... long range artillery... Union artillery, percussion, solid shot, every gun on the hill. Troops will be under fire with more than a mile to walk. Still in the open field, they will come within range of aimed rifles. They will be slowed by the fence up there, and the formation, what's left of it, will begin to come apart. When they cross the road they will begin to take cannister fire, short range artillery and thousands of balls of shrapnel wiping holes in the lines. If they reach the wall without breaking, there won't be many left. A mathematical equation... But maybe the artillery will break up the defense. There is always that hope. But that's Hancock up there, and he won't run. So it's mathematical after all. If they reach the road, and get beyond it, they will suffer over fifty percent casualties.
(then, heavily)
But, Harrison, I don't think they will ever reach the wall.

A beat; Harrison stares at Longstreet... then across the field toward Cemetery Ridge. Then, mustering a considerable effort to stiffen himself.

HARRISON
With your permission, I'll get myself that rifle, sir.

112 EXT. THE CLUMP OF TREES - DAY 112

Upon which the whole Confederate attack will focus... The Federal artillery batteries and the long line of dug-in blue-clad troops.

113 EXT. BEHIND FEDERAL LINES - DAY 113

Chamberlain's bone weary hundred-man regiment trudge along the Union line where soldiers have struck bayonets into the ground to rig shelter halves, while others assemble cannon and others just lay about. They are headed toward the vicinity of the clump of trees.

Chamberlain trudges along with Lieutenant Pitzer. Chamberlain is unwashed, unshaven, in his torn and filthy uniform. He limps on his wounded foot.

PITZER
That's Meade's headquarters down there—

Chamberlain glances in that direction.

114 EXT. REAR SLOPE - DAY 114

HIS POV

Down the rear slope a ways is a small farmhouse, surrounded by horses, flags and officers. In the b.g., beyond, is the might of the Federal force — thousands of men, cannon and horses, miles of wagons, and piles of shells.

115 EXT. FEDERAL LINES - DAY 115

Pitzer points beyond the headquarters.

PITZER
You'll take a position back there, in reserve. You don't have to dig in, but don't go away.

Chamberlain turns to Tozier, who is right alongside.

CHAMBERLAIN
Sergeant Tozier, you have that?

TOZIER
Yes sir. I'll place the men.

He goes, SHOUTING orders and leading the way to the rear.

PITZER
You, sir, are to report to General Hancock. If you will follow me.

116 EXT. UNION FIELD HOSPITAL - ABOUT THE SAME TIME - DAY 116

It pretty much reprises the horror of its Confederate counterpart which we visited earlier, except the harsh light of day conceals even less from view. Flies BUZZ over bloody tubs of amputated arms and legs, the wounded lie wherever a place can be made, blood-spattered surgeons continue their awful work...

Tom searches through the place, getting the attertion of a Corpsman—

TOM
I'm looking for Kilrain – Private – 20th Maine.

The man doesn't even bother to reply, merely gestures hopelessly at the countless casualties. He moves on – Tom dutifully resumes his search.

117 EXT. CREST OF RIDGE - DAY 117

Chamberlain and Pitzer walk up the crest, climbing over a stone fence, knee high, past a depression filled with dead horses – legs, guts and glaring teeth. Chamberlain instinctively covers his face against the hot smell. Continuing, Chamberlain looks down across that open field where the attack will come (but of course he doesn't know that) and there by the trees standing by a canvas-backed chair is Major General, WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK. He is looking through an old brass telescope to the west. An Aide stands nearby. Chamberlain perks up, tries to straighten his uniform.

PITZER
General Hancock sir. Lt. Colonel Chamberlain, 20th Maine.

Pitzer salutes and moves off. Hancock extends a hand.

HANCOCK
Chamberlain. Yes. I am beginning to hear from the ranks that you may have been a bit more involved than anyone up in staff has told me.

CHAMBERLAIN
We were involved.

HANCOCK
They tell me you ordered a bayonet charge.

Chamberlain shifts his feet. He is hot, tired, uncomfortable, and his foot is bothering him.

HANCOCK
Well, nothing to be ashamed of I might tell you. I'm gonna look into it. Colonel, we need fighting men in this army, and one damn thing is sure, we'll be needing some Brigade commanders. Meanwhile, well done, well done.

CHAMBERLAIN
Thank you sir.

HANCOCK
How's your outfit?

CHAMBERLAIN
We'll need provisions. The men will be needing a meal sir, and ammunition — we're all out.

HANCOCK
(aside to his orderly)
See to Colonel Chamberlain's request.
(the orderly salutes and leaves; Hancock turns to Chamberlain)
I'll want you to write a report.

Hancock looks out over the mile-wide field between his position and the Confederate lines on Seminary Ridge.

HANCOCK
They say you're a school teacher.

CHAMBERLAIN
Well, that seems like a long time ago.

HANCOCK
Sometimes I'm not sure how long I've been in this war; three years or three lifetimes... What did you teach up in Maine?

CHAMBERLAIN
Rhetoric sir. Rhetoric and Natural and Revealed Religion. At Bowdoin College sir.

HANCOCK
Now you tell me professor, can you recall a story from antiquity where two men, who are the best of friends, almost brothers... where these men find themselves by a trick of fate on opposing sides in a great war? And then, on a given day, find themselves facing one another on the very same battlefield?...

CHAMBERLAIN
If the Greeks did not tell of such a story, surely the Romans did. But I think it must be found in the Bible sir... for Job and Jacob and Jonah were all tested in their own way...

HANCOCK
There isn't an officer on either side hasn't known someone wearing the other uniform, I know that. But this morning, when I looked through my glass and saw the fluttering colors of the 9th and 14th Virginia regiments on those ridges before us, directly facing us right over there...

He points across the great open field.

HANCOCK
...it was as if I could hear his voice, see his old crumpled hat...

CHAMBERLAIN
Perhaps it won't come to it sir. Both armies have suffered here. Perhaps the armies will disengage.

HANCOCK
They swore an oath Chamberlain, these friends. That God would strike them down before either of them would lift a hand against the other. Lewis Armistead commands one of Pickett's Brigades, and he's out there for sure. I somehow thought this day would never come. I thought the war would be over in a month, and it's three years and how many more and who could have dreamed it could go on for so long? What would you do Chamberlain? What do the books tell you to do?

The two men gaze out over the vast expanse between the lines. Hancock turns back to Chamberlain.

HANCOCK
...Now you go rest up. Nothing going to happen today anyway. Everybody's too tired, too hot, too worn out — both sides.

CHAMBERLAIN
Yes sir. We've been placed in reserve just over here a ways sir. Thank you for your sentiments sir.

They salute and Hancock turns his attention to the west, raising his spy-glass.

118 EXT. CEMETERY RIDGE - DAY 118

Chamberlain moves off down the slope, his right foot on fire. He hobbles along painfully, sleepily, almost walking into the black maw of a Napoleon barrel. Gripping onto the cannon for balance, he looks down to see blood oozing out of his boot. He sees Tom coming up, along a tumble-down row of rocks, once a fence. Chamberlain sits and removes his boot. Tearing off a bit of his shirt, he ties a bandage around his foot.

TOM
Lawrence, I've been down to the hospital, God awful mess, no shade, no room, men layin' everywhere. They cut off arms and legs right out in the sun, right in front of everybody. They ought not do that in public. Men ought to have privacy at a time like that.

CHAMBERLAIN
You see Kilrain?

Tom nods, sighs, hesitates.

CHAMBERLAIN
How is he?

TOM
Well Lawrence, he died.

CHAMBERLAIN
Oh.

He blinks. It is suddenly very still.

TOM
He died this mornin' 'fore I got there. A couple of boys was with him. He said to tell you goodbye.

Chamberlain nods.

TOM
I tell you Lawrence, I sure was fond of that man.

CHAMBERLAIN
Yeah:

119 EXT. CEMETERY RIDGE - DAY 119

One sharp report, one single cannon. A long flutter; the ball passes over and explodes on the far side of the road, near the hospital tents. White smoke, splintered wood. Another gun. One single shot. Then the long roar as of the whole vast rumbling earth beginning to open. Chamberlain twitches around to see shells beginning to come over, falling all around and overhead — air bursts, ground bursts and solid shot.

He is confronted with a blaze in the air which obliterates his sight — a huge noise. He is rolled over in the dirt ending up on his knees, face down. Very close. He looks around, amazed. Tom is nearby, flat on the ground. All right. Chamberlain sees other troops behind boulders, molded into depressions in the earth. The world is blowing up. He sits up to probe himself, finds himself intact. Looks out over the wall, sees no one moving anywhere. Burst after burst in the dirty air, splintering rock, ripping limbs off the great trees, sending them twisting, swirling along the ground. A horse, moving riderless, then another. Blowing smoke; another shell very close, shaking the ground. He crouches behind the stone wall. Peeking back the other way he sees shells bursting along the road; cooks and bakers and doctors scrambling to escape, horses and wagons wobbling away down the road. A shell hits a caisson, it blows up in a great black tower of smoke, fine dust sifting down everywhere, setting on the lips, into the eyes.

More concussive sounds. Chamberlain turns to see the Union guns beginning to open up. Sees forms moving in the smoke, sees a whole line fire at once. The smoke begins to envelope him, and he lays finally face down against the dirt, the grass.

Lifting his head he sees smoke everywhere, smoke obliterating the noonday sun, the blue sky — as if a total eclipse had unexpectedly covered the earth. Union guns firing, men moving among the guns, a bloody horse runs eerily by, three legged, horrible. Another horse down with no head. A man nearby, lying on his back, one hand groping upward, oddly reaching for the sky. The earth shudders. A solid shot furrows the ground. Another caisson explodes.

Chamberlain rolls over onto his back, hands clasped on his chest, gazing up at the momentary patches of blue in the increasing smoky darkness, trying to see the balls as they pass overhead. He becomes aware for the first time of the incredible variety of sound. The great roar is composed of a thousand different rips and whispers, like a great orchestra of death, all the sounds of myriad death: the whicker of certain shells, the weird thin scream of others, the truly frightful keening of the Whitworths; the bursts, flat splats, brutal smash and crack of shot into rock, splatterings, whinings, whispers of rock fragments and small bits of metal and horse and man rippling the air, spraying the ground; the Union cannon braying one after another.

Out of the corner of his vision Chamberlain sees a rider moving along in the smoke. Unbelievable. Hancock. Chamberlain rises on one elbow for a better look — it's Hancock alright, mounted and riding slowly along the ripped and thundering crest, chatting through puffs of smoke and showers of dirt to the men crouched behind the stone wall. A mounted orderly behind him carries the flag of the regiment; and these two figures move slowly, unconcernedly along, an incredible, dreamlike sight... going along the line completely ethereal, untouched, shells bursting on all sides.

120 EXT. CONFEDERATE BATTERIES - SEMINARY RIDGE - DAY 120

A long line of Confederate cannon, hundreds, pour shot and shell in a relentless barrage. It has become so dark that the cannons furthest away are only visible by the fire that spits from their barrels. Men and horses have fallen and continue to go down under the returning Federal fire. Men carry ammunition to the cannons from rows of caissons. Fresh ammunition caissons are drawn up with the teams of terrified horses. Shouting and orders up and down the line. The flags of the artillery battalions flutter in the smoke and concussion.

121 EXT. THE TREE LINE - DAY 121

Armistead's whole brigade is behind the trees, lying flat on the ground. Shells from the Union artillery are passing overhead and exploding here and there, among the troops.

ARMISTEAD (V.O.)
"It may be for years, It may be forever."

Up comes Garnett, riding a great, black mare.

GARNETT
How are you, Lo?

ARMISTEAD
I'm fine, Dick.

GARNETT
Well, that's good.

ARMISTEAD
How's the leg?

GARNETT
Oh all right. Can't walk. Guess I'll have to ride.

ARMISTEAD
Pickett's orders. Nobody rides.

Garnett smiles.

ARMISTEAD
Dick, you're not gonna ride.

Garnett turns and looks away.

ARMISTEAD
You can't do that. You'll be a perfect target.

Armistead doesn't know what else to say, and all of a sudden a cannon ball clips a branch nearby.

GARNETT
We're goin' up today, and we're gonna break that line, and when the Yankees run away... there is gonna be an open road to Washington, and maybe today we win it, today is the last day, maybe today. I gotta go up there, Lo.

Pickett rides up with his staff and Fremantle.

GARNETT
Well, Lo, I'll see you at the top.

He rides off.

122 EXT. THE TREE LINE - DAY 122

PICKETT
Lo, how is everything, any question — any question—

Armistead shakes his head.

PICKETT
That's good. Now, as soon as the guns cease fire, we step off. Route step, no halting, no stopping to fire, want to get up there as fast as we can.

ARMISTEAD
Right. What about Garnett?

PICKETT
What about him?

ARMISTEAD
I don't think he can walk.

PICKETT
Damn!

ARMISTEAD
George. Order him not to make the charge.

PICKETT
I can't do that.

ARMISTEAD
He's in no condition.

PICKETT
You know I can't do that.

ARMISTEAD
The only man on a horse, in front of a line a mile wide?

PICKETT
He can't walk at all?

ARMISTEAD
Oh yeah, he might get fifty yards.

PICKETT
Damn. Well, you know how he feels. It's a matter of honor.

ARMISTEAD
You can order him not to go, George.

Pickett shakes his head.

PICKETT
How can I do that?

Pickett rides off towards Longstreet's position. His aides follow, leaving Fremantle with Armistead.

FREMANTLE
Mr. Armistead, sir. My compliments.

ARMISTEAD
Did Her Majesty's emissary have a restful night?

FREMANTLE
Slept like the— a baby sir. Slept like a new born babe.

A shell ricochets on a nearby tree-limb, just missing Armistead. He dusts off the splinters. A couple of his men have risen to his aid. He waves them off.

ARMISTEAD
Lie still boys. There is no safe place here. One's as good as another.

123 EXT. CONFEDERATE BATTERIES - DAY 123

Longstreet rides up to the rear of Dearing's Battery, in the front of Pickett's division, out a hundred yards beyond the tree line in that open field. Shot and shell explode everywhere. Dead horses and wrecked wagons lie about. Smoke from the rebel guns has blackened the sky and blotted out the sun. It is as if a thunderstorm were approaching, or an eclipse of the sun were about to take place.

ALEXANDER
(shouting above the din)
We've been firing for a good while, sir. It is apparent neither the Federals nor we are going to gain a clear advantage in this business. If we continue to expend our ammunition at this rate we may endanger our ability to support the advance!

LONGSTREET
Did you not have enough ordnance when this was begun?

ALEXANDER
The Federal fire compelled us to remove the artillery train farther to the rear. It is taking us longer to refill the caissons!

LONGSTREET
What about the reserve train?

ALEXANDER
Even farther off. We must slow down our fire now or we will have to cut back on the guns sent in support of the infantry!

LONGSTREET
(hesitating)
I will send orders to Pickett to halt the attack until these guns can be replenished!

ALEXANDER
I must remind you sir, that the longer we delay the more time the Federals will have to strengthen their own lines – And even if we recovered more supplies from the ordnance trains, how much more damage could we inflict on them than they on us? They are putting in fresh batteries as quickly as we drive them off!

LONGSTREET
Just get as much ammunition as you can and keep it hot. I can't send up Pickett's division until we've cleared more guns from those ridges!

124 EXT. THE TREE LINE - DAY 124

Tree limbs crash down. A cannon ball careens and bounces through the woods on its lethal journey through the ranks of Armistead's prone brigade. Stretcher bearers move through the trees, attending to the growing casualties from the artillery shells which continue to rain into the woods. It is stiflingly hot. Moving through with the corpsmen the CAMERA re-discovers Armistead and Fremantle.

FREMANTLE
I am told you are descended from an illustrious military family.

ARMISTEAD
Who told you that, Kemper?

FREMANTLE
He tells me it was your uncle who defended Fort McHenry in the War of 1812 and that he was therefore the guardian of the original "Star Spangled Banner." I must say, I do appreciate the irony of it all.

As he speaks, Armistead motions in the direction of some of his troops, waiting nearby in the shade of the trees or out in the tall grass with the Confederate batteries. He is calm and deliberate. He wants Fremantle to understand what he is about to tell him. He is talking through Fremantle, to another time, and another listener.

ARMISTEAD
We're all here Colonel Fremantle. When you return to your country, you can tell them that all Virginia was here on this day... That Major out with the batteries, that's James Dearing; he was first in his class at West Point when Virginia seceded. And that youngster over there, serving with the regimental color guard. That's Private Robert Tyler Jones; his grandfather was hero of the Battle of Tippecanoe in the Creek War, and later elected President of the United States. And that fellow there, Colonel William R. Aylett. His great-grandfather was Patrick Henry, one of our Founding Fathers. It was Patrick Henry who said, "Give me liberty or give me death."

As Armistead speaks, the CAMERA tracks along the faces of Armistead's Brigade as they wait in silence for the artillery duel to end and for their attack to begin.

ARMISTEAD
There are boys here from Norfolk and Portsmouth; from small hamlets along the James River; from Charlottesville and Fredericksburg; from Lynchburg and the Shenandoah Valley. Most of them are veteran soldiers; the cowards, shirkers and malingerers are long gone. Everyman here knows his duty. They understand the gravity of the situation and the metal of their foe on those hills.
(MORE)

ARMISTEAD (CONT'D)
They only need to be told what is expected of them. They would make this charge without an officer to lead them. They know to a man that this day's work will be desperate and deadly. They know that for most of them it will be their last charge. And they are all, to a man, willing to die to achieve a victory here. The crowning victory, and the end of the war... We are all sons of Virginia, Colonel. It doesn't begin or end with my uncle or myself.

The cannonade slackens; takes on a more desultory character as one by one the cannons exhaust their supply of ammunition.

125 EXT. THE TREE LINE - DAY (LONGSTREET'S POSITION) 125

The look on Longstreet's face is savage and hard. He is holding himself together with great strength. A messenger rides up in a great hurry and delivers a message to Pickett, who is mounted as well.

PICKETT
Message from Alexander.
(he reads)
"Hurry up for God's sake, or the artillery can't help you."

Longstreet can just manage to stifle back the tears his body wants him to release. He is unable to speak. He takes a very deep breath, looks Pickett in the eye, and nods. Pickett lets out a "whoop" and rides over to Armistead's brigade, his eyes pure joy.

126 EXT. THE TREE LINE - DAY 126

Armistead, who sees Pickett approach, stands, straightens out his uniform and hat, and smiles in his warm and gentlemanly way.

PICKETT
(arriving)
Lo, Lo, for the glory of Virginia, form your brigade.

Armistead salutes and Pickett is off, riding in the direction of Garnett's brigade, which is the next one over. Armistead's staff has assembled around him.

ARMISTEAD
Gentlemen, form the brigade.

Then, amid "whoops" and rebel yells, everything is in motion as the brigade rises to its feet. The men leave their rucksacks, blankets, mess-kits and all non-essential gear in common piles as they assemble. Bayonets are fixed. Those who haven't already loaded their muskets, do so now. Regimental colors are unfurled. The drummers beat out the rhythm to form ranks, while all around the thunder and roar of shot and shell continue.

Armistead moves out of the trees into the open field in front of the men. Behind him we hear orders shouted, "Dress it up! Dress right! Dress right! Fall in!" Troops are lining up, the battle flags being spaced in order. Armistead turns away from the troops and looks up at the clearing sky, the patches of blue and the little white clouds. He takes off his hat and places it over his heart.

ARMISTEAD
Father, into your hands I commend my spirit.

He puts his hat back on, turns and tightens his belt. Only a few of the Confederate cannons continue to fire. Nearby Pickett is beginning to address the three brigades; Kemper's Garnett's and Armistead's. The flags and pennants of the Virginia regiments flutter in the gentle breeze. He walks with his sword drawn, and then he moves forward, points the sword towards the hill and shouts.

PICKETT
Up men, and to your posts – Don't forget today that you are from old Virginia!

Armistead draws his sword and turns toward his brigade.

ARMISTEAD
Virginians! Virginians! For your home! For your lands! For Virginia! At route step! Forward!

He points the sword and starts to march. SHOUTS from the men and the brigade begins to move.

127 EXT. OPEN FIELD - PICKETT'S CHARGE - DAY 127

As they leave the trees the entire Southern line comes into view, Pickett's charge, 15,000 men. The opening BOOM of the heavy Union cannon, and men begin to get hit.

SERGEANT
Close it up! Close it up!

Smoke begins to blossom over everything. Armistead is marching, his sword in his hand, and every now and then, in front of him people are hit. Some are dead already, lying in the tall grass; somebody on his knees wounded; someone else holding his shoulder which is bleeding right through his fingers. Armistead turns to his own outfit, and hollers.

ARMISTEAD
Close it up! Close it up!

He sees a cannon ball hit on the right side, a solid ball just bouncing along the ground at you like a bowling ball. Then the percussion shells explode overhead, the smoke rising.

SERGEANT
Damnit, I said close it up!

Armistead LOOKS TO THE RIGHT and SEES Kemper's line moving this way and up on the left Garnett's line tightening because men are falling in the middle. He can still SEE Garnett on that horse, his head rising above the line of the men.

128 EXT. CEMETERY RIDGE - DAY 128

Vermont infantry form on Kemper's flank, firing a withering volley.

129 EXT. EMMITSBURG ROAD - DAY 129

He looks ahead to see a blue line along the Emmitsburg Road, between him and the top of Cemetery Hill. Union skirmishers have been firing with their rifles and now they're falling back to the top of the hill.

130 EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY 130

Some of Armistead's men are beginning to kneel, the line breaking just a little bit as they fire. The WHISTLE of a bullet and a man is hit. The front of Garnett's line has reached the road, just a little left of the Cadori farmhouse.

131 EXT. NEAR CADORI BARNS - DAY 131

Kemper's line is moving over this way but it's beginning to get hit pretty badly, the cannon BLASTING it from the right. Armistead looks up and sees the top of Cemetery Ridge blossom into white smoke as all the soldiers there open with their rifles. Kemper comes up on a horse, he's been hit, blood on his shoulder, blood on his face and one arm hanging limp.

ARMISTEAD
What are you...?

KEMPER
Got to come up, come up an' help me. God's name, they're flankin' me.
(points with the good arm)
They're comin' down, over on the right side and firin' right into us. This line's breakin', we got to have help.

ARMISTEAD
Head for the trees. Head right for the center.

Armistead points with the sword towards that clump of trees.

KEMPER
But if I don't break 'em up on the right they just keep shootin'—

ARMISTEAD
Damnit, get off the horse.

KEMPER
If I did, Garnett'd be the only one.

ARMISTEAD
Look, I'll double time. We'll call for double time. Nobody waits. Let's move.

KEMPER
All right, all right.

132 EXT. THE RAIL FENCE - DAY 132

He rides off, and Armistead turns to the Colonel who is nearest to him.

ARMISTEAD
Double time! Double time!

He places his hat on the tip of his sword and raises it high in the air. All down the line Armistead's men start to run. The FIRING is closer, NOISE everywhere. People are hit left and right from the rifle fire. At the road there is a rail fence, most of which has been knocked down, but Armistead has to climb over. He sees a boy immobile by the fence, a blank look on his face.

ARMISTEAD
C'mon, boy. C'mon. What will you think of yourself tomorrow?

The boy just stares. On the other side of the road there are four Rebs behind the railing, firing with their muskets.

ARMISTEAD
(to a Sergeant)
Move these people out! Move these people out!

He is trying to get his whole brigade over that road but it is pretty much of a mess in front where Garnett's outfit has been. A few are struggling up into the smoke, but there are a hell of a lot of dead bodies right around this point, all grey. At this moment, a wild riderless horse gallops down, forcing Armistead to leap out of its way. The horse is blocked by the fencing, as Armistead freezes with the recognition that it is Garnett's great black horse. He looks ahead and sees that the charge has come to a halt. Men are kneeling to fire towards the top of that blue ridge.

ARMISTEAD
LET'S GO! LET'S GO!

His hat has fallen to the sword hilt; he pushes it up and raises the sword again.

ARMISTEAD
VIRGINIANS! VIRGINIANS! WITH ME! WITH ME! LET'S GO!

133 EXT. THE STONE WALL - CEMETERY RIDGE - DAY 133

Armistead goes straight up the hill, the troops following him. The few guys in front who have been firing get up to join him. All around people are going down. On the right cannon open up with cannister and BLAST about five or six men at once. Armistead is flicked on one side, then on the other. He gets to the stone wall, hops up onto the rocks and SEES the blue soldiers moving back and FIRING, but not running away. Armistead, a moment of joy on his face.

ARMISTEAD
The day is ours men! Come turn this artillery upon them!

Suddenly, he's hit. All the world shakes and Armistead staggers forward. A blue soldier aims, FIRES and Armistead is hit again. His hand reaches out and holds onto the black barrel of a cannon. He can see his own men getting shot up,

before him a solid blue line; the Federal reserves, reforming. Some grey soldiers on the left fall back; then he goes down.

134 EXT. THE STONE WALL - CEMETERY RIDGE - DAY 134

It just quiets a bit, the sound of the world at a distance, and then a VIEW of the sky from the ground. A face BLURRY above him saying something.

VOICE #1
Sir, sir—

He FOCUSES and there's a Union SOLDIER, it is Tom Chamberlain.

ARMISTEAD
Help me up, will ya?

He is lifted and he looks around.

TOM
Sir, can you tell me what's your name, who you are?

ARMISTEAD
Where's Hancock — would like to see General Hancock.

TOM
I'm sorry, sir, General Hancock is down, he's been hit.

ARMISTEAD
No. Not both of us. Not all of us.
(looks to the sky)
God, please.

He lies back down.

TOM
Sir, we are having a surgeon get here as quick as we can.

ARMISTEAD
Will you tell General Hancock?

TOM
Sir!

Armistead reaches out. He can hardly see.

ARMISTEAD
Can you hear me, son?

TOM
I can hear you, sir.

ARMISTEAD
Will you tell General Hancock please that General Armistead sends his regrets? Will you tell him how very sorry I am?

TOM
I'll tell him, sir.

Armistead's eyes are wide open, but he can no longer see.

135 EXT. THE TREE LINE - DAY 135

Longstreet's got both arms around his chest, hugging his heart, rocking slowly back and forth.

136 EXT. CEMETERY RIDGE - DAY 136

Up Cemetery Hill he can see three flags moving like sails above the smoke, and as he watches one goes down, then another. Flags down below turn and start back. The third flag at the top also falls into the FIRING.

137 EXT. THE TREE LINE - DAY 137

A paralysis comes over Longstreet. Out of the smoke, men are retreating; some carrying other people, one or two walking all alone with their heads down, and some dragging their rifles. One man turns, squats, and FIRES through the smoke. Then there is a slow, steady stream of men backing up and FIRING. One man, CRYING as he FIRES, passes close to Longstreet. They see Longstreet and they part to either side. Longstreet sits all alone and watches them go.

Down below there is one battery still FIRING toward the blue line.

Not far from Longstreet is Sorrel, and T.J. Goree. Longstreet walks slowly forward to a dead man. He reaches down and picks up his rifle.

138 EXT. THE TREE LINE - DAY 138

In the distance, Lee. The old man is riding his gray horse across the open ground in the front of the trees. He has taken his hat off and the unmistakable white head is visible from a long way off. He is walking his horse slowly along the first rows of the dead where the cannon had begun to hit them as they stepped out of the trees. Retreating men slow down

around him. The old man stops for a moment, for one long moment, his head turned eastward towards the enemy. Men begin to gather 'round him.

LEE
It's all my fault! It's all my fault! Now we will rest and try again another day. Now you must show good order. Never let them see you run.

Some of the men around him are weeping. A TALL MAN with a beard is pleading with Lee.

TALL MAN
Let us hit 'em again, sir. Let us form again and hit 'em again, sir. We can do that.

LEE
It's all my fault.

They shake their heads, because they cannot agree. Longstreet stands there with the rifle in his hand. A crowd of men gathers around Lee as if they are ready to form for another attack. Lee's face is red and his eyes are hot. Both hands hold hard to the saddle. He looks at Longstreet.

LEE
(in a very soft voice)
I think they're forming over there, General. I think they may attack.

There all of a sudden is George Pickett, bloodstained, hat gone, hair wild, face pale.

LEE
General Pickett, I want you to make up a defensive position. Reform in the rear of this hill.

Pickett is as if in a daze.

LEE
General, look to your division.

PICKETT
General Lee, I have no division!

Longstreet looks out and sees blue skirmishers forming and a thin line of blue troops coming up to reconnoiter. His single battery is still FIRING. Longstreet gets up on his horse and feels a tug at his leg. It's Sorrel.

LONGSTREET
Let go, Colonel!

Sorrel hangs onto the horse's reins.

LONGSTREET
Colonel, let the horse go!
(points)
They're comin' and I'm gonna meet 'em. I want you to put fire down on them and form to hold right here. I'm goin' down to meet 'em.

139 EXT. THE OPEN FIELD - DAY 139

He rides off, rifle in hand. The wind is blowing, and the old horse is trying to pick its way among the bodies. Longstreet sees a rider right next to him; it's Goree. Ahead he can see his own troops, gray uniforms, firing into a line of blue soldiers.

GOREE
What're your orders, General? What do you want me to do, where do you want me to go?

At that moment a shell explodes right in front of them. Goree is knocked off the horse. Longstreet pulls up as Goree scrambles, trying to get to his feet. Then the staff is all around. Bullets go by in the air.

VOICE
Gotta pull back, General. Pull back.

LONGSTREET
(points)
Place the guns. Bring down some guns.

Another shell bursts right near him; the concussion is deafening. For a long moment, Longstreet cannot hear. All goes to silence.

140 EXT. CEMETERY RIDGE - DAY 140

He looks up through the smoke and sees the blue troops pulling back up the hill.

141 EXT. THE OPEN FIELD - DAY 141

LONGSTREET
God.

Longstreet gets off the horse. He wobbles and steadies himself. His hearing returns. He stands for a moment looking at the rifle which he's never fired and then carefully puts it on the ground, with the barrel up on a rock. He sees right next to him the dirt streaked face of Goree.

LONGSTREET
How are ya?

GOREE
Tolable.

LONGSTREET
(points vaguely)
They aren't comin'.

He's kind of surprised, Goree shakes his head.

LONGSTREET
Too bad.

GOREE
Yes, sir.

LONGSTREET
Too bad.

GOREE
Yes, sir. We got plenty of cannister left. If they hit us now, we could sure make it hot for 'em.

Longstreet nods.

GOREE
General, I'll tell ya plain, there are times when you worry me.

LONGSTREET
Well—

GOREE
No good trying to get yourself killed, General. The Lord'll come for you in his own time.

Longstreet walks over to a fencepost.

142 EXT. THE OPEN FIELD - DAY 142

Then he looks across the field and there is no longer any real motion out there. The guns are still FIRING and they slowly begin to stop, and for a moment, finally we have SILENCE. The wind has died and there is just a slow motion of smoke and one burning tree in the distance and the men are standing immobile on the field. Longstreet looks up across the line, the green rise of the Union line, and he can see an officer riding on a horse surrounded by flags and a cloud of men. They've got a captured flag, the blue flag of Virginia, and Longstreet turns away. Sorrel is by his side.

OMIT 143

144 EXT. THE OPEN FIELD DAY 144

SORREL
What are the orders, sir?

LONGSTREET
Prepare for defense, but they're not comin'.

He gets up on his horse and starts to ride back up towards the tree line. It's getting steadily darker now, and we can SEE that great black wall of cloud gathering in the west. Bodies are being picked up and dragged back.

145 EXT. THE TREE LINE - LATE AFTERNOON 145

Longstreet reaches a small fire and dismounts. One of the Aides brings coffee, and then Sorrel comes up.

SORREL
Sir, I have the figures from Pickett's command—

Longstreet looks up.

SORREL
General Armistead is missing, General Garnett is dead, General Kemper is down and — well — of the thirteen Colonels in Pickett's division, seven are dead and six are wounded—

LONGSTREET
(holds up a hand)
No more. No more, tell me the rest some other time.

He looks down at the coffee, and then out across the field. Then he looks up and sees Lee coming out of the dark. The old man comes in a cluster of men, outlined under that dark and ominous sky, the lightning blazing behind his head. We can SEE the lightning, we cannot yet year the thunder. Men are holding the bridle of the horse, talking to him and pleading. There is something oddly Biblical about it, as if he were a Patriarch out of the Old Testament. He still has the straight back and strength of presence. He brings a majesty, and Longstreet stands up to meet him. Lee gets down off Traveler and Longstreet looks into his face. They look eye to eye. Lee looks like he's been hit very hard. His face is set and cold. He turns to the men behind him.

LEE
I would like a few moments alone with General Longstreet.

The men withdraw.

145A EXT. THE TREE LINE - LATE AFTERNOON 145A

Lee sits on a camp chair; Longstreet sits staring into the fire. They are alone, and it is getting darker. Lightning flares. The wind picks up.

LEE
We will withdraw as soon as we have secured all those wounded well enough to be moved.
(his voice is husky)
If we can get to the Potomac, cross over into Maryland, there'll be no more danger. Pete — I'm gonna need your help.
(takes a deep breath)

Longstreet, called by his nickname, is startled.

LEE
I'm really very tired.

LONGSTREET
What can I do, sir?
(he thinks Lee may be about to pass out)
General?

Lee nods, looks up with his eyes bright now, shakes his head, brings both his palms almost in a gesture of surrender, the palms facing Longstreet. He tries to say something, he shakes his head again, with his mouth open. He recovers, a set gray patience in his face... a resignation.

LEE
We must look to our own deportment. The spirit of the Army is still very good.

Longstreet nods.

LEE
We'll do better another time.

LONGSTREET
Sir...

Lee looks up, the eyes are clearer now, the moment of sickness has passed. He sits for a while with his hands on his lap, the firelight on his face.

LEE
They do not die for us, not for us, that at least is a blessing.

He looks to Longstreet.

LEE
If the war goes on, and it will, it will, what else can we do but go on? It's the same question forever, what else can we do? If they fight we'll fight with them... And does it matter after all who wins, was that ever really the question? Will God ask that question in the end?

146 EXT. CEMETERY RIDGE - DUSK 146

The sky is dark. Total devastation... thousands of corpses, hundreds of carcasses, a churned and blackened terrain, smoking, smoldering. Men with stretchers move among the wounded and dying.

147 EXT. CEMETERY RIDGE - DUSK 147

The mournful wails of men in pain and loss. An occasional dog scavenges amidst the desolation. Smashed caissons, broken wheels, dismembered tree limbs, dismantled cannon, torn fabric of flags and bunting... streaming, drifting, floating in the early evening thermals, a grotesque carnival of color.

148 EXT. CEMETERY RIDGE - DUSK 148

A small area of the sky glows in the west. A flash of lightning. Along the crest of the ridge, a solitary figure, tattered; limping, ashen, an apparition... Joshua

Chamberlain... wanders through the tangled debris and the helter-skelter rows of the fallen, blue and gray... searching. Through the drifting haze and among the shifting shadows of other men who move along the crest, Chamberlain discovers his brother, standing not far away. The rain is beginning to fall around him and all along the ridge, moving up from the great vast field, washing, cleansing... The water is clear as it forms puddles in the earth, then pink, then red...

MUSIC BEGINS.

Tom approaches, and the two brothers, first tentatively, then as if all the life in all the world depended upon it, embrace... and hold on tight. As the CAMERA moves away from Chamberlain and Tom to encompass the battlefield from Cemetery to Seminary Ridge. AT A DISTANCE we are WITH the spy, Harrison, who takes off his hat and stands there.

HARRISON
"We are such stuff as dreams are made of, And our little life is rounded with the sleep."

Then he puts the hat on, turns, gets on his horse, and rides into the gathering darkness. And as he goes, CAMERA TILTS DOWN and PANS a rivulet of the cleansing rain. We BEGIN A CRAWL:

After three days of battle, the Army of Northern Virginia successfully disengaged at Gettysburg and retreated across the Potomac to its own soil.

The rainwater is clear as it forms puddles in the earth amid the dead of Gettysburg, but then — as we CONTINUE TO PAN PAST face-down bodies, outstretched hands — the rivulets become pink...

Although the Civil War would continue for almost two years longer, the Confederacy would never again mount a major offensive.

— and finally red...

Robert E. Lee surrendered his army at Appomattox Courthouse, Virginia, April 9, 1865.

A beat; raindrops gently dapple the crimson puddles.

THE END